The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1914.

Summary of the News

The situation in Mexico, as we write, appears extremely discouraging. The protocol concerning the international side of the Mexican problem was signed by the mediators and by the delegates of Huerta and of the United States on June 24, but General Carranza has continued his temporizing policy in the appointment of delegates to confer with the representatives of Huerta on the question of the Provisional Government, and there appears to be no immediate prospect of the conference taking place. More serious is the split that has occurred between Villa and Carranza. The difference was adjusted temporarily last week, and on the same day that the protocol was signed news came of the capture of Zacatecas by Villa's army and the complete rout with heavy loss of the Federals. On Saturday, however, a statement was issued by Carranza accusing Villa of insubordination at the instigation of General Angeles and implicating in the same charge an employee of the State Department, understood to be United States Consul George C. Carrothers, who, since Huerta concelled his exequatur in April, has been acting as confidential agent of the State Department with Villa's forces.

On Monday Carranza in a speech is said to have reiterated his fears of "Judases in his own ranks," and Villa issued a counterblast, declaring that there was no "active breach" between the Constitutionalist leaders, but that he was returning to Torreon on account of shortage of ammunition. The fact seems to have been that Carranza sought to discipline Villa by withholding from his army his share of the ammunition landed by the Antilla at Tampico. Villa, therefore, abandoned his pursuit of the Federals and turned back with his army to persuade the First Chief to reconsider his determination.

In Mexico City, also, the situation is regarded as serious. Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister, on Monday recommended all British subjects to leave the city, fearing disorder. Huerta, meanwhile, is said to be feverishly pushing on preparations for the holding of an election on July 5, in the parts of Mexico which he still controls. He is anxious, it is said, to hold out until sufficient returns shall have been received to elect some person to the Presidency, when he himself will retire. We comment elsewhere on the unpleasant revelations of the alleged connection of oil interests in the United States with the revolution, which are contained in stolen letters published by the New York *Herald* on Sunday. General Carranza has issued a complete denial of any such connection.

A curious conception of diplomatic duties was revealed in the papers of Saturday, in which was published a statement by George Fred Williams, United States Minister to Greece, on the Albanian situation. So far as can be gathered, Mr. Williams undertook an investigation of affairs in Albania, apparently authorized by the State Department, and found himself unable to restrain the free expression of his views until he should have been relieved of his official position. The State Department is understood to have made inquiries as to Mr. Williams's reasons for giving to the world the benefit of his views before they were communicated to his official superiors.

On Saturday the House concurred in a Senate amendment to the legislative bill appropriating $1,500,000 to defray the expense of collecting the income tax in the new fiscal year. Notice was given that $500,000 of the amount would be applied to the proposed inquisition to discover evasions of the income tax.

The President on Thursday of last week, addressing the Virginia Editorial Association, took occasion to defend the new trust laws and to indulge in the prophecy that after they shall have been passed "there will be a boom in this country such as we have never witnessed in the United States." Comment on the President's speech will be found elsewhere.

A considerable portion of the town of Salem, Mass., was destroyed by fire, which started in the industrial district, on the afternoon of June 25. The loss of life was happily small, six people only being killed, but the financial loss is estimated at $15,000,000.

Colonel Roosevelt, on his return from Europe last week, effectually dissipated any hopes entertained by the "insurgent" Progressives that he would countenance the efforts that have been made to oust George W. Perkins from the inner councils of the party. "As for reading him out of the party," declared the Colonel, "when that is done they will have to read me out, too."

The sale to Greece of the battleships Idaho and Mississippi, which was finally authorized by the House on June 23, appears to have had the effect which President Wilson anticipated in recommending the measure. A Greek note, published on June 28, is generally considered to have ended the crisis between Greece and Turkey, and the belief is expressed that the persecutions of Greek subjects in Ottoman territory will not be renewed.

Correspondence that has passed between the United States and Japan on the question of the Californian alien land law was made public on June 25. The new Ministry in Japan has rejected the proposal originally made by Foreign Minister Makino for the negotiation of a new treaty which should give to Japan all the rights of aliens of the most favored nation in the matter of land tenure. At the same time no alternative plan is proposed, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs merely stating that Japan prefers to recur to the correspondence on the subject which was interrupted last August.

One of the most serious business failures of recent years occurred on Thursday of last week, when it was announced that the H. B. Claflin Company, the leading wholesale dry goods company in the country, would go into the hands of receivers. The amount involved is stated to be $34,000,000. Most of the retail stores in various cities which are controlled by the same company will not, it is said, be affected by the failure.

A Parliamentary crisis has been brought about in Spain through Socialist and Republican opposition to the Government's plan to build a second navy squadron. Premier Dato announced on Sunday that he would ask Parliament to vote on the question yesterday and that should he fail to obtain a majority he would resign.

The promised amending bill to the Home Rule bill was introduced in the House of Lords on June 23. The bill, as was expected, simply embodies the proposals made by Mr. Asquith on March 9, that the counties of Ulster be allowed to decide by vote for or against exclusion from the operation of the Home Rule bill. On a Unionist amendment to the Finance bill in the House of Commons on June 25, the Government's majority fell from its normal figure of over ninety to thirty-two. The Labor members and some Liberals abstained from voting, and the Irish followers of William O'Brien voted in favor of the amendment.

In Albania a conference has been held between the council of the insurgents and Col. Phillips, the British representative of the Powers, at which the insurgents are stated to have demanded the abdication of Prince William of Wied, the establishment of an ad interim government by the International Commission of Control, and the election of a new ruler to be chosen by delegates from all of Albania. Despite the armistice which had been arranged, desultory fighting has continued, and it was reported from Vienna that early last week the town of Elbassan was captured by the insurgents.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were assassinated on Sunday, as they were driving in an automobile through the streets of Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia. Only an hour previously a bomb had been thrown at the Archduke's carriage as he was driving from the station to receive an address of welcome from the authorities of the city, but had missed its mark, injuring some of the members of the Prince's retinue. The Archduke and the Duchess of Hohenberg were on their way to the hospital to inquire after the injured when a young Servian shot them with a revolver. The crime is considered to have been the result of a plot by a section of the Serb inhabitants of Bosnia. The death of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand leaves the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph heir-apparent to the throne. We comment elsewhere upon the political aspect of the affair.

The deaths of the week include Lord Forbes, June 24; Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, Dr. Frederick W. True, Col. Garland N. Whistler, June 25; Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Duchess of Hohenberg, Franklin Harvey Head, Delos P. Phelps, June 28; Major William de Witt Miller, June 29.

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The Week

The President was said to have "truckled" to England in the matter of the Panama tolls-exemption; to have been forced by the British Foreign Office to make a humiliating surrender of the American position; at the best, to have driven a "bargain" with the British Government, by the terms of which he was to receive a free hand in Mexico, in return for the removal of what was, in effect, a discriminating tax on British shipping using the Panama Canal. But all these fictions were put down last Monday by the plain tale of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons. The Foreign Secretary asserted that, far from having applied diplomatic pressure to President Wilson, not one line of correspondence on the subject of Panama tolls had passed between the two Governments since the new Administration came in at Washington. Not only was there no "bargain," but there had not been a single word of talk about one. Whatever President Wilson had done, he had done on his own initiative. He had not done it, added Sir Edward, "to please us or in the interest of good relations, but I believe from a much greater motive." This was a feeling of duty not to "flinch or quail from interpreting treaty rights in a strictly fair spirit." The cable dispatches say that Sir Edward Grey's statement made a great impression on the House; and it called out further approving comment in the English press.

It is now thought certain that the bill extending American citizenship to Porto Ricans will at least pass the House. Fourteen years ago the organic act was entitled "An act to provide temporarily revenues and civil government." Every observer agrees that the main cause of political unrest in Porto Rico is the failure to obtain a grant repeatedly recommended by the War Department and successive Presidents, and promised in the platforms of both the older parties. It would satisfy local pride, and end an anomalous condition. The new measure would also place the islanders more nearly upon their feet in home affairs, by substituting for the Council appointed by the President an elective Senate. Safeguards would still exist in the Governor's absolute veto, and in an educational qualification for the suffrage; but this, thanks to the excellent schools established since 1900, would exclude but a very limited percentage. Remedying a long neglect, the bill deserves the prompt attention of Congress.

The publication of the correspondence between Japan and the United States, extending from May 9 to August 26 of last year, discloses a situation fraught with great difficulty. The reply of our State Department to the Japanese note of August 26 was made only last week, and is not included in the published correspondence. There is, however, every reason to believe that whatever efforts were made in the interval of ten months to bring the solution of the problem within reach have proved unsuccessful. In any attempt to adjust the difficulty, our own Government is terribly handicapped by the division of rights and powers between the separate States and the nation; while there is reason to believe that fear of the jingo element in the Tokio Parliament constitutes an almost equally solid obstacle to freedom of action on the part of the Japanese Government. Thus the problem is one that calls for even more than the usual exercise of patient effort on both sides, in the endeavor to arrive at some kind of *modus vivendi*. If it were only difference of opinion as to the interpretation of the existing treaty that was involved, arbitration would offer a way out which ought to be acceptable to both parties; but unfortunately the trouble lies deeper, and would, in the nature of things, reassert itself upon the expiration of the present compact. Nevertheless, the idea of referring the controversy to arbitration, so far as regards the specific question of treaty interpretation, is well worth considering. It would at least serve the purpose of gaining time, which, in such a difficulty as this, might well prove to be all that was needed for its practical settlement.

The extraordinary performance of Mr. George Fred Williams, in issuing a flaming broadside about the internal affairs of Albania while occupying the post of United States Minister to Greece, would be more extraordinary if it were somebody else than Mr. Williams. His career has all along been marked by what to the outside world has seemed either eccentricity or an excessive craving for public attention. In the present instance, it is entirely possible that the state of things in Albania, which is certainly deplorable from any point of view, so wrought upon Mr. Williams's feelings that he felt impelled to force the facts, or his view of the facts, upon the attention of the world. That his official obligations as diplomatic representative of the United States forbade such a course, he appears to have been conscious, and his statement implies, though it does not expressly state, that he has resigned his post. "I could not await," he says, "the acceptance of my resignation by my Government" to denounce the cruelties and wrongs which, he declares, have been visited on the Albanians by the combination of wickedness and stupidity that has governed the course of the Great Powers. But a man who is so constituted that he cannot wait until the trammels of official responsibility are removed before breaking out on his own hook should decline to submit to the restrictions of diplomatic duty in the first place.

President Wilson may be right as to the chance of a coming great improvement in business, yet this would not prove that his reasoning about it is correct. If it comes, as there are many indications that it will, it will be due to other causes than the passage of his Trust bills. Rich crops and the easing of financial strain abroad will have much more to do with it than anything which our lawmakers may do, or fail to do. And in one point, Mr. Wilson runs pretty near to fatuity. This is where he assures business men that the bills in question, when once enacted, will write finis to the whole book of Trust legislation. There will be no other measures debated, no more agitation. But can he give any such guarantee? For his own Administration, doubtless. But can he be certain that no other politician will arise to tell the people that this or the other hook must be put in the nose of Big Business before the country can be quite safe and happy? Mr. Wilson can speak for himself, but can he speak for La Follette? Can he speak for the Colonel?

On one point that the Republicans have been trying to make against them, the Democrats need feel no uneasiness in the coming Congressional campaign. There is no trouble about a Treasury deficit, and the tariff has more than met expectations as a revenue-producer. Mr. Underwood's statement on the subject in the House on Saturday was simple and straightforward, and conclusively disposes of both these points; and it also brings out certain features of the income-tax situation which deserve attention. The total receipts of the Treasury for the fiscal year now closing will exceed the total of ordinary disbursements by about $30,000,000. If the Panama Canal expenditure of $35,000,000 is included, there will be a deficit, as has often happened before; but in the present instance this deficit is only $5,000,000 and will easily be taken care of by the accumulated surplus in the Treasury.

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The new tariff has yielded $22,000,000 more than was estimated, which a little more than balances the shortage of the income-and-corporation tax as compared with the estimate. As for the future of the income tax, besides dwelling on the probability that a large amount must be allowed for failure of collection in the first year owing to the novelty of the tax, Mr. Underwood pointed out that, in addition to the tax as a whole having been operative only for ten months of the calendar year 1913, the supertax on large incomes became operative only after the passage of the bill, in October. As the period to which it applied in these cases, besides being so short, did not cover either of the great dividend dates—January 1 and July 1—Mr. Underwood regards the tax collected during this fiscal year as being, on the whole, about equivalent to only half a year's tax.

The mutiny on the Progressive ship continues. The fiat of the commander-in-chief that if Perkins has to walk the plank, he will, too, has not prevented some of the Congressional part of the crew from formulating a round robin of protest against the executive officer, Commander Perkins. They are not satisfied with the admiral's entrusting the navigation of their craft to this officer; they even assert that his handling of their ship has resulted in very unfavorable comments far and wide. Plainly, there is nothing left for the admiral to do but to bring these mutineers before the mast and give them their proper punishment. It matters not that they must submit to humiliating questions as to just what kind of cruiser theirs is when the crew serves one flag and the executive another. Admiral Roosevelt will fix all that; there must be discipline on his ship, whatever the cost. When he says that an officer is all right, that settles it. The mutineers will have to take their medicine, and we think they will. At least, we cannot imagine their deserting on the very eve of battle. And perhaps by next autumn the clever admiral will find a way to promote his executive to some other position where he can have about as much responsibility and can still be permitted to furnish a large part of the ship's stores. What is the use of being the admiral of your own navy without being able to do with it as you please?

Col. Roosevelt's renewed denunciation of the proposal to pay Colombia "blackmail" leaves one wondering how he would define the sum of money which he himself proposed to pay her. This sum was $2,500,000, as provided in the treaty which his own Secretary of State, Mr. Root, negotiated, and which was ratified by the Senate early in 1909, though it was never acted upon by the Colombian Congress. All this must have been with the knowledge and approval of President Roosevelt. Nor could he have been in ignorance of the admission by Secretary Root that Colombia had just claims on the United States. And the treaty which Mr. Roosevelt submitted to the Senate spoke of the desire to "remove all obstacles to a good understanding." What were these obstacles? If the Colonel had been out of office at the time, might not his eagle eye ave detected in the mere reference to them n unspeakably humiliating apology? However that may be, it is impossible to draw a clear moral distinction between paying $2,500,000 and paying $25,000,000. If the atter is blackmail, the former smells of it. Blackmail is not a question of less or more. By the way, how does the Colonel know that the "regret" in the Bryan treaty, as in the Taft memorandum, did not refer to the base conduct of the Colombian Government towards President Roosevelt, which he again so scathingly describes, and which left him no alternative, as the guardian of civilization, but to "take" the Isthmus?

Senator Newlands's plan for a Federal Commission to control waterways improvement is an attempt to check the vicious practices long connected with rivers and harbors legislation. His amendment to the pending waterways appropriation bill would create a Commission consisting of the Secretaries of War, Interior, Commerce, and Agriculture, with two Senators and Representatives; and would allow it in the first year an expense fund of $500,000. This sum, in the Senator's opinion, would enable it to probe questions of "development, regulation, and control of navigation, . . . and the related questions of irrigation, forestry, fisheries, swamp reclamation," and so on; and to attempt coördination in improvements. Some authoritative agency is plainly needed to apply more common-sense and a better policy to the demands of the various sections than Congress has displayed. The debate last week in the Senate on the Rivers and Harbors bill has again illustrated the conviction of many unbiassed men that the bill carries too large a sum and too many unjustifiable items, and makes urgent a reform in the whole method of framing it.

The movement for a league of American cities to deal with utilities corporations, chiefly by maintaining a bureau which shall furnish expert service to any municipality in presenting its case before a Public Service Commission, has an impressive list of sponsors. The launching of it by Mayors Blankenburg of Philadelphia, Baker of Cleveland, Harrison of Chicago, and Shroyer of Dayton at the forthcoming convention of city executives will be an event worth noting. Its justification is succinctly stated by Mayor Blankenburg: "The equipment required for an adequate presentation of the rights of the people involves a technical knowledge which is not practicable for any one city to obtain." This is undeniable. The Bureau of Standards at Washington has lately undertaken to establish a central clearing-house for public utilities statistics, standards of valuation and service, and general information, which in a rudimentary way would fill the evident need. But it has been a main argument for State as opposed to local inquiry and regulation that State Commissions are able to avail themselves of such expensive service; and the cities' move may be taken as evidence that these bodies have not been as active as they should be. In arming themselves to put forward their cases for lower rates and better service they will tend to lessen the investigative functions of the State Commissions. The step was almost inevitable because of the wide sentiment that the State bodies are giving the cities an unfair hearing.

West Virginia is about to become the ninth prohibition State of the Union, by an act in many respects the most stringent of the kind every passed in America. It makes it unlawful to manufacture, sell, or give away intoxicating liquors anywhere in the commonwealth; forbids their sale by clubhouses or druggists; and fixes a heavy penalty for their advertisement by circular, billboard, newspaper, or any other agency. A State Superintendent of Prohibition is created, with extensive powers to enforce the law. The statute cannot wholly do away with the importation of intoxicants for personal use, but it promises to make the State as nearly "dry" as may be. It is two years since the Constitutional amendment providing for State-wide prohibition was ratified, and one since the Legislature made provision to put the amendment into force. In a State whose total vote is 250,000, the amendment passed by the huge majority of nearly 100,000; and the newspapers of Wheeling and Charleston do not indicate

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that public sentiment has essentially changed.

Another appointment of a negro to a Federal office is vexing the righteous soul of Senator Smith of Georgia. He had succeeded in ousting the present holder of the office of recorder of deeds in Washington, a Georgia negro, and naturally expected, so the Augusta *Chronicle* explains, that "a Democrat" would be named as the successor. President Wilson agrees as to the Democrat part of it, but proposes to appoint a Democrat who also happens to be a negro. And the protesting Southern Senators are informed, to their disgust, that Wilson's election managers had made an agreement to keep certain offices for negroes. Such an agreement the *Chronicle* declares to be a "curious thing." But would it not be more curious to violate it? To ask for negro votes on the strength of it and then to repudiate it would be at least as immoral as Senator Smith evidently thinks it to have made such an agreement at all. However, the *Chronicle* knows of an easy way out. Negroes should simply be "perpetually barred from political office." If it is impossible to do this by law, why, let the negro "bar himself in perpetuity from office," being convinced that by so doing he will be "better off."

Correction of an old abuse is attempted by the bill for the construction of a reservoir on the San Carlos Indian reservation in Arizona, and for the bringing of suit for an adjudication of the claims along the Gila River to determine the rights of the Pima Indians and others. The Pimas had been entitled to sufficient water for working the soil. But in this case, as in so many other cases, the assumption of guardianship by the United States resulted in the loss by the Indians of old rights without the obtaining of new ones. For several years the waters of the Gila have been appropriated by settlers living above the reservation. To such an extent was this injustice carried that these Indians were reduced to poverty, and the Government had to aid them temporarily. But this was to substitute charity for justice, and the friends of these red men have been exerting themselves to restore to our wards their undoubted rights. An investigation by army engineers demonstrated that the project of a reservoir was feasible, and those interested in the protection of Indians should urge their Congressman to support the bill to put this plan into effect.

The United States has long held a position unpleasantly unique among the greater nations owing to the lack of a central repository for our archives. According to the recent convention of the American Library Association in Washington, however, concern upon this head is no longer confined to bibliophiles, but is spreading fast among Government officials. While the campaign for something like the British Public Record Office goes on, our manuscripts—as Professor Jameson, of the Carnegie Institution, lamented—rot in cellars, dry to a crisp under roofs, disappear from unkempt shelves, and merge into confusion in warehouses. The rent for storing them would pay interest on the capital needed for a building; while the officials of the Treasury, the Land Office, the Pension Office, and others will soon be crowded from their quarters by their documents. Papers on a wide variety of subjects cannot be found without a special guide and endless patience. In the basement of the Corcoran Art Gallery is a "body of Government records so stored that in a dry season they can be consulted by any person wearing rubber overshoes, and in a wet season are accessible by means of some old shutters laid on the basement floor." A conflagration, we have been recently reminded by official reports, might at any time cause the Government to lose several times the cost of a fireproof archive building. In Great Britain the first suggestion for such a repository, made in 1616, bore fruit in 1838; it is to be hoped that we may obtain the building before 2125!

Coming from such exceptional authority as Dr. Charles Mayo and Dr. John B. Deaver, the statement that too many surgical operations are performed without sufficient cause will undoubtedly have its effect on the attitude of surgeons and patients alike. It will also be seized upon by persons in the peculiar state of mind which believes in medical Trusts and doctors' conspiracies. The fact that too many unnecessary operations are undertaken is in itself a tribute to the high development of the surgeon's art. It shows that the old horror of the knife has passed with the vast improvement in the technique of the surgical worker, and the development of anæsthesia and asepsis. In the case of appendicitis, for instance, it is true that the ailment will frequently yield to conservative medical treatment. But there must be many people who prefer the short and definite application of the knife to a prolonged course of treatment with its attendant trouble and anxieties. It is also true that though there may be a good many ill-qualified surgeons at work today, the patient who submits to an operation is much more careful in picking out his surgeon than he would be in selecting his general practitioner.

"Probably the most radical suggestion yet made," says an Associated Press dispatch, referring to the annual meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, "is that the public welfare would be conserved if every man, woman, and child were to be subjected to a compulsory examination as to physical fitness once in very year." In just what form the "suggestion" was made does not appear. The context refers to "recommendations" made by the Association; but we cannot believe that it gave anything like a formal endorsement to the "suggestion" of a policy so radical. We feel fairly confident that a careful consideration of its merits would bring the result which befell a resolution offered at the recent convention of the American Medico-Psychological Association, recommending the enactment of laws requiring a clean bill of health and evidence of a normal mind before the issuance of a marriage license. Though this resolution had been proposed by the Council of the Association, it was subjected to a vigorous onslaught at the meeting, and was overwhelmingly defeated.

In the first Canadian Provincial election where prohibition was the chief issue, the temperance forces have been defeated. In the Ontario contest on Monday the Government, which stood against the measure, won a marked victory. Minor party contentions entered into the campaign. Tax reform and woman's suffrage had been endorsed by the Liberals, and the bi-lingual school question had attracted some attention. So salient, however, was the temperance question that party lines were utterly broken in many districts; and it was admitted by both sides that upon the election hung the possibility of a Dominion-wide prohibition fight in the near future. Now the movement is likely to be confined to local-option lines, where Conservatives and Liberals alike have supported it. Under the Conservative Administration, 1,214 bars have already been expelled from Ontario. No clear index of national party strength is afforded by the election, but it cannot fail to encourage the Conservatives in the coming general elections.

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INTRIGUERS AND MEXICO.

The New York *Herald's* revelations, by means of stolen letters, in regard to the activities behind the scenes of the Mexican revolution of certain large business interests, hardly come as a surprise. That the large groups of foreign capitalists interested have been watching every move and have tried to bring pressure to bear on one side or the other, has been as notorious as it was natural. At bottom, the revolt which placed Madero in the Presidential chair was a protest against the exploitation of the republic by contending capitalistic forces and the absorption of the land by a few magnates. The illiterate peon, who has been food for the cannon since the beginning of the Madero revolution, has not, of course, been able to define the feeling of injustice within him. Those who have been in the "States," or had relatives here, have known that there are people living under superior conditions, obtaining simple justice in the courts, and having the opportunity to obtain better chances for their children. So they and multitudes who know nothing about American conditions have risen blindly—too often to be only the hapless pawns of great forces of which they were wholly ignorant.

Something of the methods of certain of these forces is revealed by the *Herald*. We have the familiar Washington representative in Capt. Sherburne G. Hopkins, long an adviser of revolutions in South and Central America, and so popular with those financially interested in Mexico as to be able to boast of declining "offer after offer of retainers" in order to be loyal to his employer, Mr. Henry Clay Pierce. The latter's adventures with the courts of several States, in connection with the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, can hardly have been forgotten. Capt. Hopkins's patriotic soul—like his retainer—makes him the champion of the American oil interests as against the British headed by Lord Cowdray. To Capt. Hopkins anything connected with Cowdray was anathema, after a visit to Madero (his fee for this was $2,000 in gold, paid by Mr. Pierce) to induce the late President to expel from the directorate of the National Railways of Mexico certain enemies of Mr. Pierce. Mr. Pierce's motives were, of course, of the best. As explained by Capt. Hopkins in a letter to Gen. Carranza, if it had not been for Mr. Pierce, these enemies "would have robbed the lines in the most outrageous manner." To Carranza, be it noted, Capt. Hopkins made no concealment that he was in the pay of Mr. Pierce, and in his behalf he urged Carranza to reorganize the National Railways in his possession in the northern States, "as a separate system, apart and distinct from the lines in the possession of the Huerta Government."

Rapidly, Capt. Hopkins rose to a place in Carranza's confidence, in which he not only obtained the appointment of "his friend, Mr. Pani," to take charge of the railways, but became apparently an important adviser to the First Chief. Unfortunately for the Pierce-Hopkins railway plans, Gen. Villa refused to permit Mr. Pani to take hold; there are still other evidences that the friction between the two leaders may have had an origin in some such business transaction. Meanwhile, Capt. Hopkins was busy influencing the American press to point out that the three Huerta delegates to the Mediation Conference were all agents of Lord Cowdray, one being said to be his personal counsel. When we add that during all this time Mr. Pierce was paying money to at least one Carranza representative, and, if he is to be believed, Capt. Hopkins was having long and private conversations with John Lind, it must be apparent that there was enough going on to satisfy any conspirator and wholly to warrant various plaintive appeals from Capt. Hopkins to Mr. Pierce for more money. Finally, it must not be overlooked that Charles R. Flint was also on hand, another gentleman with a rare talent for fishing in troubled foreign waters.

So far as they go, the *Herald's* revelations parallel what has happened in many similar cases. Mr. Pierce and those behind him have doubtless felt that, as heavy investors in the Mexican Railways, they were entitled to do something to preserve what is left of the property. Nor has the *Herald* as yet established the payment of any money to Carranza himself, or produced any specific proof of its contention that the whole revolution is merely a clash of oil interests. The most important matter for the Wilson Administration is the picture of John Lind in conference with Capt. Hopkins as late as April 30, the latter quoting Lind by wire to Carranza the next day as being "opposed to compromise"—that is, being opposed to Carranza's joining in the mediation proceeding with a view to putting an end to Mexico's troubles. Should this be substantiated it would expose Mr. Lind to a charge of disloyalty to the Wilson Administration, to say nothing of the embarrassment in which it puts the latter. Capt. Hopkins also quoted Mr. Lind as asserting that Mr. Wilson "hesitated to raise the embargo [on arms] at this time while mediation negotiations were pending," but that he, Lind, could give assurances that if arms were taken in by schooners from Cuba, "no obstacle would be placed in the way by Washington." This alone would seem to warrant Congressional inquiry, since it places the Wilson Administration in the position of playing fast and loose in the matter of importation of arms. Serious, too, is the proof that Capt. Hopkins, an American citizen, was daily urging Carranza to keep away from the mediation proceedings.

It is altogether a sordid picture thus presented of what is going on behind the scenes. At best it illustrates the extraordinary difficulties confronting those who would take sides in the Mexican controversy; they must always ask themselves whether they are not thereby supporting hidden forces of a more or less malign character. We have revealed to us anew how beset with obstacles is the task of the President, how long and difficult the way will be until the peon of Mexico is assured of just treatment.

THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY.

There are undoubtedly serious political implications in the assassination of Francis Ferdinand, which occurred on Sunday in the capital of Bosnia, but it is the personal aspect of the tragedy which first makes appeal. This new blow to the aged Emperor, whose life was thought a few weeks ago to be nearing its end, evokes world-wide expressions of sympathy for a ruler whose long reign has brought him almost unprecedented personal bereavements. The murdered Crown Prince had for some time past been active in the work of government. He was in this way visibly in preparation for his accession to the throne; and also had the motive of relieving Francis Joseph of some of the cares of state. Ferdinand was of strong and energetic nature, and Austria had looked forward to his becoming Emperor, confident that the transition would be made without shock, and that the administration of affairs would be in able hands. That outlook is now changed. The new heir apparent is a young and untried archduke, Charles Francis, who is said, however, to be democratic in bearing and popular. The old Emperor will doubtless make an effort to keep the reins in his hands as long and as firmly as possible, but it is evident that Austria will have to face trials of a sort to test her strength and her international policy.

For the causes of the assassins' mad determination can by no means be ignored.

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They were not of the ordinary "crank" class, these boyish murderers, but felt themselves the instruments of their country's vengeance. Whether Servians or Bosnians, they had been bred to think of Austria as a national enemy and oppressor. Friction between the Austrian authorities and the Bosnians had been for some time severe. Only a little while ago the Government was confronted with a strike of the Serb students at Mostar in Herzegovina. Their complaint was that a Government professor had made violent attacks upon the Servians. These students were expelled; but thereupon their fellows throughout the two provinces struck in sympathy, and all the efforts of the Government had not, at last accounts, been able to make them return to their schools. From this clash alone, it is possible, the impulse to Sunday's tragedy may have been derived. All accounts agree that the relations have been bad between the Austrians and the inhabitants of the two provinces of which Austria undertook the protectorate under the Treaty of Berlin, and which she later coolly annexed, despite warm protests from Great Britain. It is now evident that she annexed not only territory, but race hatred and a lurking spirit of assassination.

This ill will has obviously been intensified by events connected with the latest Balkan war. Throughout, Austria's motives were violently suspected by the Servians, and the mobilization of her army on the Servian frontier gave great offence. In the diplomatic negotiations which followed the war, it was believed that Austria had designs on Servian as well as Albanian territory, and that she was determined to push on to the East at every opportunity. And the display of her military power in Bosnia seems not to have had the effect of over-awing so much as enraging. It was to attend Austrian manœuvres on the Servian frontier that Francis Ferdinand was on his way. The occasion was plainly seized for elaborate plots against his life, the first of which failed, but the second was deadly. There is no indication that the shots were fired at the Archduke as a ruler personally offensive; only, he typified the Government.

Such efforts to temper tyranny by assassination—we now speak, of course, from the point of view of the perpetrators of the crime—are almost always futile. This lies in the nature of the case. Governments cannot yield to terrorism. And there is no good reason for believing that Austria will be deflected from the general line of policy and of Imperial development which she has been pursuing. The Austro-Hungarian Empire has been for fifty years the subject of more mistaken prophecies than any country in Europe. It has belonged to the class of what used to be called in Italy the *attendibili*—the "watched-over." Outsiders were watching Austria to see when the inevitable process of her breaking-up was to begin. Charles Sumner was positive, more than a generation ago, that the thing could not be long delayed. He called Austria merely "a geographical expression." But the Empire still stayed on the map. It even grew larger and more powerful and apparently more stable. At one time it was supposed that Pan-Germanism would prove a dissolvent. Early in Kaiser William's reign there was much talk of the predominantly German provinces of Austria gravitating to Berlin. But all this has long since dropped below the horizon. We hear much more at present of Pan-Slavism than we do of Pan-Germanism. And the real concern of European Chancelleries, in the presence of this Austrian tragedy, is more with personal and dynastic changes which may follow in Vienna, than with any possibility that Austria will be shaken out of her orbit; more, above all, with the race jealousies and conflicts beyond the Austrian frontier, and with the renewed tension between Greece and Turkey, than with any thought that Bosnia will make a serious attempt to rise against Austrian rule.

THE DEMON CAPITAL.

"At no time have the privileged few had such an effective scheme for living on the labor of the many," said Prof. Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his testimony before the Industrial Relations Commission a few days ago. He had been giving figures relating to the cotton industry in Massachusetts:

> The total income derived from the cotton industry in Massachusetts last year added $81,000,000 in value to raw cotton. The salaries to officials totalled $2,500,000. The salaries to wage-earners amounted to $51,000,000. There is nearly $30,000,000 remaining.
>
> A small part goes to machinery and repairs. A large part to rentals and dividends. Of the $81,000,000 the people who did the work got only about five-eighths, and the other three-eighths went some place else.

What the nature of that "some place else" is, in his judgment, Professor Nearing indicated with sufficient plainness in the remarks above quoted, and in other expressions of similar tenor; "the people who hold mortgages and stock certificates and flaunt them before the eyes of civilization" are an abomination in his sight.

It is not, however, the condition of Professor Nearing's mind that concerns us. What gives interest to his talk is that it is typical of a great deal that passes current nowadays among persons of intelligence and education. Mr. Nearing himself, being a professor of economics, is doubtless perfectly aware of the actual function of private capital, of the nature of the part that it has played in the upbuilding of industry, and is still playing in its maintenance. It is to be presumed that he chooses deliberately to sweep all this aside, and to talk as though it did not exist. Probably he honestly believes that the time has come to kick down the ladder by which we have climbed, however useful it may have been in its day. If he thinks that private capital, or profits upon private capital, ought to be abolished, he has an unquestionable right to that opinion. It is not with his conclusion that we are quarrelling, however erroneous we may regard it; it is with his misleading presentation of the facts.

That there should be no such thing as interest on capital is a tenable proposition; but that the interest which capital has actually been drawing has been mere robbery, mere exploitation of the workers, is sheer nonsense. It is conceivable that the world might have devised better methods of building up and sustaining industry; but as a matter of actual fact, certain individuals have been induced to do this by the prospect of a special reward. The reward may be too great; it is even possible that by some kind of collective action there might have been furnished an equally effective provision of the machinery of industry and of the wherewithal for its prosecution during the period intervening between the beginning of the process and its consummation. To compare these possibilities is a legitimate employment of human reason. But to talk as though the persons who have, in point of fact, supplied to the world an absolutely indispensable element of its productivity, were mere parasites living on other people's labor, is not to use reason but to throw it to the winds. The emolument that goes to those who accumulate capital and apply it to the uses of industry is determined by the same kind of competitive struggle—the same kind of adjustment of supply to demand—that determines the reward of organizing ability, of professional skill, of any of the acts of men that are required for the satisfaction of the world's needs. If the service of capital can be obtained on better terms, and without evil consequences which outweigh the gain, well and good; but the world has not as yet seen its way to such a condition of

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things. And until then it is not a matter of opinion, but a bare matter of fact, that private capital, whether from an ideal standpoint rewarded too much or too little or just enough, is not a worthless parasite, but an indispensable servant of the general good.

In comparison with this fundamental vice, other features of this kind of talk are of minor consequence. Yet it is of a piece with the looseness of the central idea that the people who indulge in these tirades always talk of the owners of capital as a "privileged few," and convey the impression that the opportunity to own capital is a limited affair, open only to members of some exclusive caste. That there are billions of dollars in savings banks, owned by millions of small holders, and invested in the country's enterprises; that there are other billions held directly by small stockholders; that insurance companies and building and loan associations account for another great mass of small holdings; that there are hundreds of thousands of small business enterprises—all this goes for naught, though it is matter of common knowledge.

SOCIALISTS AND REBELS.

The extremely readable letters from Mexico in *Collier's* are not written by "yours for the revolution, Jack London," but by plain "Jack London." The flaming challenge of the first signature would not only be inappropriate in a magazine of general circulation, but would be quite out of tune with the context which savors strongly of the individualistic, capitalistic, fiercely competitive spirit of the world that knew not the gospel of Karl Marx. Take Jack London's latest instalment. The very title is a sneer at the mollycoddle and the sentimentalist: "Our Adventurers in Tampico." The allusion is unmistakably to President Wilson's remarks about the nondescript type of citizen who has tied us up with Mexican affairs. The text elaborates on the title:

> I began to gather statistics of the pernicious activities of our American adventurers. One company alone had two roofed concrete tanks holding 1,250,000 barrels, along with 120 steel tanks holding 55,000 barrels each. Since a steel tank costs 30,000 pesos, the cost of 120 steel tanks would total 3,600,000 pesos. At the rate of exchange prior to Mexico's present troubles this investment in mere steel-tank equipment means 1,800,000 American gold dollars. When it is considered that this is but part of the one item of the oil-storage equipment of one company, and that there are many other equally expensive items of equipment, the grand total of the equipment of the many companies is vaguely adumbrated.

Thus might write an agent of the wicked National Manufacturers' Association or an emissary of Wall Street; but that an eminent apostle of red revolution should audibly be licking his chops over millions of gold dollars, of wealth wrested from its rightful owner, the Mexican peon, by the predatory ministers of international capital, is somewhat disconcerting. And again:

> The Dutch, up above Pánuco, have got an ornery eight-inch hole, nothing to look at, but it can throw 185,000 barrels a day when it ain't pinched down. Figure it up. Say oil at 50 cents a barrel; that makes $90,000 gold a day; in ten days $900,000; in a hundred days $9,000,000; in a year, allowing 65 days for delays and accidents, $27,000,000—and that's gold, *United States gold coin*, with the eagle and the Indian.

Thus Col. Sellers might have gloated, but Jack London! Can it be that the unregenerate Adam of Klondike adventure and of the splendid virtues of the prize-ring is alive in the best known of our literary revolutionists, ready to bob up whenever the matter directly in hand is not a treatise on the war of the classes?

Try as one may, it is impossible to imagine the Jack London of the primitive passions and virtues fitting into any neat scheme of economic determinism which shall iron out the aspect of society into that uniformity against which the individual temper rebels. It is hard to fancy Jack London under a rigorous State Socialism of the type that Herbert Spencer feared. But then it must be recalled that the author of "Before Adam" signs himself "yours for the revolution," and not "yours for the coöperative commonwealth." Revolution calls up all the virtues of stress and combat. A social upset holds out a promise beside which the perils of the icy trail and the call of the prize-ring pale into insignificance. It is this double aspect of the Socialist movement that accounts for the presence in its ranks of the restless spirits side by side with the doctrinaires of economic determinism. There is time enough for worrying over the constructive problems of the Industrial Commonwealth. For the moment, there is a great deal to be done in the way of clearing the ground. Whatever may be the differences of belief which the rebuilders of society may have to contend with ultimately, at present there is a common basis in Socialism for social rebels of every shade, the Marxist, the Syndicalist, the Anarchist, the ultra-feminist, and even the Futurist.

Yet a social and political movement cannot remain fast bound to original principles and unaffected by the character of its votaries. A creed is converted by its converts. To-day the Socialist movement in this country is plainly showing the influence of the rebel element, which is rather against things as they are than for any clear-cut scheme of social reconstruction. The I. W. W. movement, with its blending of Socialism and Anarchism, represents most clearly this factor of emphasis on revolution rather than on reconstruction. The individualists of art, of literature, of sex-liberty are doing their share in giving an impress to the popular conception of Socialism. Not that there is reason to suppose Socialist tramp poets and Socialist practitioners of Cubism will prove any more incongruous an element in the firmly organized Socialist Commonwealth than Plato feared they would be in his ideal republic. Even now the old-line Socialists find themselves badly embarrassed by their ultra-individualist allies; and it may be that this country will repeat the experience of Europe, where the ultra-revolutionary type of Syndicalism seems to be on the wane. The struggle between the two elements in the Socialist movement is already acute.

THE THEATRE FOR AMUSEMENT.

In one of those farewell addresses to their countrymen which play-brokers and play-producers are accustomed to deliver to the ship news reporters from the deck of the Imperator or the Lusitania, it was announced some days ago that the outlook for the theatre of ideas for next year was poorer than ever. The reason was moving pictures. The canvas-sheet drama has done more than compete with the theatre of three dimensions. It has imposed its standards upon the regular theatre. The "movies" have educated the public to swift action, with a minimum of text and no ideas to speak of. If the legitimate stage is to survive, it must imitate the movies, since the only form of competition that presents itself to the commercial manager's mind is imitation. Whirlwind is the adjective of the future—whirlwind farce, whirlwind melodrama, whirlwind sentiment, and, better still, a whirlwind mixture of all three. The managers are at one with Faust in asserting that in the beginning was not the word or the thought, but the deed, or, as we spell it now, the "punch."

The meagre showing of the past season in the way of serious drama stirs Mr. W. P. Eaton to solemn reflection in the *American Magazine*. What has become, Mr. Eaton asks, of the buoyant hope of an American drama of ideas which the early 'nineties cherished under the stimulus of a first contact with Ibsen? Foreign students and prac-

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titioners of the theatre flattered us with a glorious future when the tremendous realities of life that were working themselves out on an unparalleled scale in our busy democracy should find reflection on the stage. The realities are here in a thousand forms; the serious problems of social and industrial democracy have been forced on our attention, but they have scarcely been mirrored on the stage, if we exclude the meretricious crime-and-vice drama of questionable realism and utterly worthless motive. Mr. Eaton is compelled to find what consolation he can in the familiar answer that one of the most real of realities is the human longing for romance, for adventure, for the story above the idea or the lesson.

The easiest and the safest way to explain the rule of fashions in the drama is not to explain them at all, but to accept them for what they are—the product largely of whim and accident. The explanation from the movies will not hold. Many of the successes of the last season were not whirlwind in any sense. Plays like "Potash and Perlmutter"—which London has accepted as gladly as New York did—and "Peg o' My Heart" and "Grumpy" and "Kitty MacKay" have little of the cinematograph appeal about them, though their appeal is elemental enough. The demand is rather for pure gayety and simple sentiment.

If Mr. Eaton wonders why we should insist upon being gay in the theatre when in so many other departments of life we are tremendously serious, it may be because he assumes too evident a connection between life and the theatre. That is, the connection is there, but it may show itself in a form totally opposite to what one would expect. After all, why should the merrie England of Shakespeare, the England of sturdy yeomen and Drake and the Armada, have taken pleasure in the gory tragedies of the Elizabethan stage? Possibly because the English theatre-goer of Shakespeare's time was a robust, care-free, happy individual, he found the grisly horrors of the stage a stimulating change. This explanation gives us just as much connection between the drama and life as if we had to explain an Elizabethan drama exclusively made up of hilarious farce. Naturally, we should have argued then that a robust and joyous populace insisted on robust laughter and slapsticks of the stage.

If then the season of 1913-14 on the stage has been one of knockabout farce and light sentiment, while the season of 1913-14 in American life has been one of business depression, I. W. W. demonstrations, child-labor agitation, minimum wage agitation, and tenement-house improvement agitation, the connection may still be present. It may be that people have gone to the theatre to forget the problems of the day. It may be that we are gay at the present moment as people were gay on the eve of the French Revolution. But in any case it is well to admit that the problems of life are not always literally translated into the drama. Next year may very well bring good times, a cessation of labor trouble, a general feeling of contentment and well-being, and a play chockful of ideas and social criticism.

VARIETIES OF BOOK-REVIEWING.

In the *Yale Review* Bliss Perry writes of "Literary Criticism in America," with a survey which leaves in relief the conclusion, put in 1905 by Henry James, that America "presents production uncontrolled, untouched by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world." To this Professor Perry relates the fact that our literary advertisements, from that puffing Hall Caine's "masterpiece" as "a book which will take its place with the great classics in literature" to that of "the greatest magazine the world has ever seen," are not merely uncritical, but uncandid to the point of dishonesty. This relation is to him largely one of effect and cause. But the two conditions seem rather twin than child and parent. The reason why criticism is shallow is also the reason why literary advertising is disingenuous and exaggerated. It lies in the application of two rough forces—journalism and advertising—to a field which ideally should be reserved to select and informed minds. New books in a vast torrent require wide comment, and a publicity based on it. Those who emphasize the resultant evils fail to realize how apart criticism should be from the lower reaches of journalism and commerce. They ask why the newspapers cannot do for books what they do for news.

There are various reasons why the ordinary daily paper will never produce elevated nd trustworthy literary criticism. Too often it is allotted to the apprentice hand. Mr. Howells has expatiated with melancholy humor on the enthusiastic praises with which the young reviewer makes author and publisher alike tingle, and on the cruelties of which he is sometimes capable. Another disability of journalistic book-reviewing is its clannishness. Just as groups of men held together by a common bond of sympathy tend to exalt their own literary efforts, groups of critics cry up what appeals to their bias. Arnold remarked of Burns that, while Scotch drinking, religion, and manners often made a harsh, sordid, and repulsive world, it was so familiar that the Scotch "had a tenderness for it"; so in a criticism sufficiently broadcast the publisher can always discover reviewers whose personal chord is touched. But it is only in the select jury that we are sure of the intellectual detachment which is the basis of sound erdicts. Furthermore, if we divide books oughly as instructive, amusing, charming, or elevating, it is the second and third classes—by far the largest—that are worst written about. Standards of what amuses must always vary widely among the popular tribe of critics. Books like Doyle's detective stories will always be spoken of by some in the same terms that others use o: Dickens and Dumas. All things cons: ered, it is clear that sound appraisal of books will for some time remain within a small circle of reviewing periodicals.

The difficulty lies in getting the publisher to recognize this fact and to encourage sincere criticism. He is not to be blamed for the scamped work with which many periodicals are content; but ought he to seek to push his business by means of it? Sooner or later, it will be admitted that the multiplication of contradictory and empty notices only puzzles and disgusts the public. Especial measures should be taken against the open puff—often a very boomerang. The present beating of tom-toms over any given book as if it were the greatest ever published only induces the reader to stand on his own judgment. Advertising currency should be given to sound criticism, whether wholly favorable or not. The verdicts need not be unanimous; and one of the greatest benefits publishers could reap from critical keenness and frankness would be the freshening effect of controversy. Many books might benefit from the differences of opinon they aroused.

The importance of the whole matter does not lie on the surface. Just as the goal of the honest reviewer is to *form* the reader and the future writer, not merely to guide them in one instance, so the publisher should perceive that the effect of a single good review may extend to the purchase of scores of volumes to come. We may well doubt that misleading advertising is the cause of a wide critical demoralization "in creating an atmosphere highly unfavorable to accuracy of judgment and honesty of record." But no one can doubt that advertising may help perpetuate bad criticism.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE NATIONALIST ARMY—MUTUAL ADMIRATION IN IRELAND—PARADOXICAL MEANS OF PEACE.

LONDON, June 22.

The recruiting of volunteers in Ulster, pledged to prevent Home Rule or to make it unworkable if carried, was generally interpreted as a grave menace to peace. That being so, one might assume that the recruiting of an opposition force, equally determined that Home Rule should come, would bring armed conflict nearer. On the contrary, it has largely increased the probability of an amicable solution.

A humorist might explain the paradox by reminding us that this is a question, not of England, or of America, but of Ireland—a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland country, where the operation of the law of cause and effect is suspended, and where things are most firmly established by being turned topsy-turvy.

But there are reasons, after all, for this surprising conclusion. In the first place, the sudden and rapid spread of the Irish Volunteer movement has revealed to the Unionists the real situation in Ireland. They have been declaring, and doubtless sincerely believing, that in recent years the demand for Home Rule was a manufactured and artificial agitation. All the Irish grievances that amounted to anything had been redressed by land reforms. The Nationalist provinces would really be quite willing to accept the *status quo* if politicians would let them alone. Building on this comfortable assurance, the Unionists had persuaded themselves that Ulster was the only factor in the problem that mattered.

They have now had a glimpse of the task that would confront them if a general election brought their own party into power. They have discovered that the desire for Home Rule was not dead, but simply that its expression was held back by marvellous self-control. If the present Government has been worried by the difficulty in pacifying Ulster, a Unionist Government would have the rest of Ireland to pacify. The dramatic appearance of this territorial army cannot be attributed to the wire-pulling of John Redmond and Joe Devlin. There has been no such national uprising since 1780. Lord Dunraven calls attention to "the most remarkable fact" that this movement "has arisen without regular financial assistance, encouragement of prominent leaders of opinion, or the assistance or control of any preëxisting political or other organization of any kind," but is "the spontaneous exhibition of a national sentiment superior to, though not obliterating, all minor considerations." Unlike the Ulster Volunteer movement, it has received no help from English money. The Ulster Volunteers were called into existence by the Ulster members, and have been disciplined and led by them. The Irish Volunteers have grown from the bottom upwards, not from the top downwards. Professor Kettle has truly described the movement as "the anonymous impulse of a whole people."

The Unionist leaders in England are, of course, very angry at this change in the situation. While still approving and eulogizing the Carsonites, they condemn the enlistment of the Irish volunteers as an outrage. Their theory is that the Ulster Volunteer movement is justifiable because its object is the maintenance of the existing system of Government, whereas the rival organization is unjustifiable because it is attempting to bring about a change. But their suggestion that the existing order is in itself sacrosanct is a constitutional doctrine that will find few intelligent supporters in cold blood. If there is any outstanding distinction between the two bodies of Volunteers, it is that the Ulstermen have armed themselves in order to coerce the Imperial Parliament, while the others have taken arms in order to come to the assistance of that Parliament, against a menace of rebellion.

Whatever they may say, however, the English Unionist leaders will be compelled by this revelation of Irish feeling to seek a more pacific course than they have lately been pursuing. In Ireland itself the Nationalist uprising is working in a rather different way, but towards the same result. Instead of alienating the two parties more bitterly, it is creating a new bond of sympathy between them. In the House of Commons the other night the Chief Secretary said that, after spending ten days in Ulster, where he had conversed with people of all kinds, the one thing borne home to him was what a genius the Irish people had, not only for hating, but for admiring one another. This remark was provoked by an ejaculation of Sir Edward Carson's that he was "delighted" at the existence of the Irish Volunteers. The recent gun-running expedition of the Ulster Volunteers, Mr. Birrell continued, had excited almost as much admiration among the Roman Catholic Nationalists as among the most pious Protestants of the Ulster Volunteers. And a great many people who were strongly opposed to Home Rule took a real pride in the fact that among the Irish National Volunteers there were so many old soldiers ready for action and so many of the finest and best of the young men of the South and West of Ireland. Mr. Birrell's account of the situation is confirmed by the fact that the Ulster and Irish Volunteers are accustomed to exchange salutes when they meet. And Englishmen visiting Ireland have been openly told by Irish Volunteers that, if the Ulster Volunteers were to come into collision with British soldiers, they would go to the assistance of the Ulstermen. This helps to explain why John Redmond and the Nationalist M.P.'s used their influence to prevent any Government prosecution of the Ulster gun-runners. They knew, no doubt, of the sympathy this exploit had aroused among Nationalists. What it all amounts to is that the two sections of the Irish people are finding out that they have more in common with each other than either of them has with England. Ulster's contempt for Nationalist Ireland is disappearing through the discovery that Nationalists, too, are ready to take up arms in defence of what they believe to be their rights. And the Nationalists, with their inveterate tradition of being "ag'in' the Government," feel a warming of the heart towards their Ulster brethren for flinging down such a challenge to British authority.

The commander-in-chief of the Irish Volunteers, Col. Maurice G. Moore, C.B., has not previously taken an active part in any political movement. He is the head of an old Irish Roman Catholic family in County Mayo, and is a brother of George Moore, the novelist. His chief assistants in organizing the Volunteers are civilians. Sir Roger Casement, an Ulster Protestant, is famous for his courageous exposure of the Putumayo atrocities, and has had an honorable career in the consular service. He is said to be so ardent a Nationalist that he smokes Irish cigarettes. Prof. J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P., of the National University of Ireland, is one of the leading authorities on the constitutional law of the United Kingdom. Another professor, T. M. Kettle, who holds the chair of economics in the same university, is an ex-M.P., and one of the most brilliant of even Irish journalists.

The body of men who have responded to the call of these leaders has rapidly outstripped the Ulster Volunteers in numbers. Its enlistment has increased lately at the rate of 15,000 a week. It has received offers of help from a large number of ex-officers of the British Army, and already 1,000 former non-commissioned officers are drilling its recruits. Of the enlisted men themselves a large proportion are old soldiers—as many as 30 per cent. in garrison towns like Enniskillen and Derry. An odd feature is that the largest number of Irish Volunteers in any single county is in one of the Ulster counties—Donegal.

This new and unexpected turn in Irish affairs dates from the Curragh incident. Lord Roberts's doctrine that it was "unthinkable" for the forces of the Crown to be used to uphold a Home Rule act against the forcible resistance of Ulster made it necessary, the Nationalists believed, to correct the pressure of Ulster's force upon Parliament by exerting counter-pressure of the same kind. It is now perfectly clear, if it never was before, that no "conversations" or other arrangements between the English political leaders will be worth anything without the approval of Ireland herself. It will be one of the ironies of history if the division of the country into two armed camps helps forward, in the end, the creation of a united Ireland.

H. W. H.

THE NEW TURKEY—VICISSITUDES OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE—PROGRESS SINCE THE BALKAN WAR.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 10.

Despite the interest that was aroused among Western peoples by the Young Turkish revolution of 1908, there are still many faces on which the mention of change and development in Turkish life would produce a skeptical smile. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Turkish history and Turkish life are very busy affairs. There are many more interesting things in the history of Turkey than mere wars.

Turkey, for instance, has been a melting-pot, far superior to America in quickness and thoroughness. The founders of the Turkish Empire were a mere fraction of a Turkish tribe that had left Central Asia on account of Mongolian invasions, and sought a new home in Asia Minor. These people, aggregating only a few hundreds, brought discipline and a sense of justice and safety into the small territory they acquired, while everything, both under Byzantine rule and under the rule of Mohammedan Seljuks in Asia Minor, at that time, was easy-going, corrupt, and unsafe. Furthermore, the Turkish rule afforded opportunities for the recognition and advancement of talent and merit in a very large measure. Talented people, men with ideas, were glad to gather under the Turkish flag to begin a new life.

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To embrace Mohammedanism and to speak Turkish was all that was necessary to become a full member of the community. A man's origin was never asked, and the original founders of the empire enjoyed no distinction or privileges over the newcomers. The word "Turk" soon lost its ethnological meaning, and began to mean a citizen of Turkey who was a Mohammedan and who spoke Turkish. In a few generations, the Turks had become a mixed race which had received more blood from the population of Byzantium and more distant European countries than from the original stock.

The Turks of the sixteenth century and before were in many respects superior to the Europeans of their time. There was more intelligent and effective control in every detail of their life. While justice was a mere source of revenue for the European rulers, it was free in Turkey, and even the Sultan had to bow to its verdict. There were free schools of every grade, public libraries, free lodging-houses, and public kitchens for strangers and the poor. The Turks also excelled in some mechanical arts, notably, shipbuilding and founding.

After the sixteenth century, as a result of over-expansion, self-contentment caused by the excess of power, superiority, and success, and increasing love of luxury, at the expense of the old simplicity and discipline, decay set in in Turkey, while simultaneously a new era of centralization of power, development of industrialism, and experimental knowledge was dawning in Western Europe. The Turks, thoroughly convinced of their own perfection and superiority, as a result of their long career of success, remained for some time almost untouched by the industrial revolution and its far-reaching consequences. Their existence became more and more crystallized and coercive. Mohammedanism, that had been a progressive and civilizing influence in the earlier days, was now made a prop of ignorance and fanaticism.

Since the end of the seventeenth century almost every European observer who has written on Turkey has felt constrained to state that the end of Turkey was a matter of a few months only, and that the process of decay and destruction could not be long deferred or delayed. Time has again and again disproved these prophecies. In spite of her endless difficulties, and in spite of the fact that it is almost miraculous for an empire to exist for more than six and a half centuries on territories which are widely exposed to foreign aggression, filled with survivals of different ages and different epochs of culture, and populated by extremely heterogeneous elements, Turkey has come out from every crisis stronger than before. It is true that these crises have been accompanied by loss of territory, but that has simply meant a lessening of the imperial burden and an increase of opportunities of development for the remaining parts of the empire. Especially has this been the case since the population in the lost parts of Turkey was essentially non-Turkish.

The struggle for betterment and progress, which became more and more intensive, was at first headed by enlightened Sultans, in spite of the opposition of the lower classes. More than one Sultan was assassinated by reactionary mobs on account of activity in reform.

After the Crimean War of 1855, the movement for reform gained a popular character, and was at times a revolutionary movement, directed against the Crown, and aiming at the establishment of the most radical form of government existing in political theories.

The pressure for change was so great and the actual difficulties and obstacles so severe that the zealous patriots and reformers were impelled to seek relief only in extreme measures. It must be admitted, however, that they did more than mere agitating. They created a new and simple language, a new national literature, a new press; they attempted to popularize science and knowledge by giving free evening courses and founding free reading-rooms; they exposed in their articles, short stories, novels, and plays the shortcomings of the Turkish social system. In short, they succeeded in transforming the self-satisfied, contented mediæval community into one imbued, to a great extent, with restlessness, self-criticism, and desire for improvement.

In 1876, the efforts of the reformers seemed to be crowned with success. A liberal Constitution was proclaimed giving the people representative government. Sultan Abdul Hamid, who had obtained his throne by promising the reform party a Constitution, suspended this the next year temporarily, using the war with Russia as an excuse. After the war, the Constitution remained suspended. The reform leaders were exiled one after another, and a very efficient system was created to check ideas of reform and to maintain the absolute rule of the Sultan.

In 1908, at last, the Young Turkish activities resulted in an open revolution and in the establishment of a constitutional Government. The new Government had not received an enviable heritage from the old. The crisis did not, of course, mean a complete metamorphosis of the sad situation into one of harmony, wealth, and progress, as some of the Young Turks believed and hoped. It meant simply a comparatively free field of development to the potentialities in the people and in the country.

The political life was necessarily a picture of chaos and anarchy. The conditions were unsettled, and the leaders were in the making. As a result, bitter party rivalries, petty personal animosities, and short-sighted political dogmas and phrases filled the atmosphere. In spite of the tremendous changes it had caused in the social life, and the opportunities of development it had given to individuals, the constitutional change in Turkey was apparently hastening the end of the empire.

It was futile to preach harmony and political reconciliation so long as the sources of trouble continued to exist. In order to do away with them and to secure the survival of the empire, the burden checking its development had to be diminished and the social deficit resulting from it lessened.

That burden consisted primarily in the possession of parts of territory, like Macedonia, Albania, and Epirus, which were a storehouse of every imaginable kind of heterogeneity, and the people of which enjoyed trouble merely for the sake of it. No Turkish statesman would have had the courage, however, to suggest relinquishing any of these territories. An involuntary amputation was necessary to save the empire.

In the summer of 1912, the party of Union and Progress fell from power. The situation in the Empire, which was critical in itself, had gradually become worse and worse, as a result of the Italian war, the revolts in Albania, and the dissolution of the Parliament. The new Government believed literally the assurances of the great Powers regarding the maintenance of peace, dismissed thousands of trained soldiers, and began a long series of reforms by changing and disorganizing many things in the civil government, and especially in the army.

The country was caught unprepared when the four Balkan states declared war. With its prestige and self-confidence shaken, the party of Union and Progress, which had in its ranks the most ardent militarists and patriots, and which had always shown resourcefulness in times of danger, in the position of an opposition party, the new commanders out of touch with their soldiers and with conditions in the army, the war could not but end in a disastrous way for Turkey, so far as loss of territory was concerned.

Very soon, it was seen, however, that the outcome of the war was most fortunate for the future of Turkey. The loss of the provinces, populated by heterogeneous and troublesome elements, made her population relatively homogeneous, and rid her of constant sources of trouble and weakness.

Furthermore, the sweeping defeat proved that great changes and reforms were badly needed. The general appreciation of this fact gave undisputed power and control to the enlightened classes, at the expense of fanatics and the ignorant masses behind them.

A few years ago, when a translation of the Koran into Turkish was suggested, there was such an outcry of protest against it that the Young Turkish Government found it necessary to warn the press against publishing anything about the question of translation. Now, since the Balkan War, some few scholars have worked together and published a Turkish popular edition of the Koran. There was no opposition shown against it; on the contrary, the religious authorities publicly approved of this revolutionary step, and stated that a Mohammedan ought to understand his religion intelligently, and not be contented with mechanical observance of rites and forms.

In other respects, also, Mohammedanism experienced a remarkable renaissance after the war. Instead of remaining a prop of fanaticism and ignorance, it was made an intelligent basis of regeneration and solidarity. Those who were not satisfied with the new movement and with the attacks of the radical periodicals, no longer asked for Government or police interference, as they had previously done, but simply established periodicals of their own to defend their standpoint.

The new spirit of religious awakening gained so much ground within a year that those in power felt free to lay their hands upon some of the most blindly observed traditions. It was an old-established rule, for instance, to appoint to the high and important office of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, an old theologian of fame, for many years high in the hierarchy. The man appointed Sheikh-ul-Islam a few months ago, Hairi Bey, was neither old, nor did he belong to the religious hierarchy. He had studied some canon law, it is true, but he then gave it up, entered the law school, and, after completing his work there, became an employee of the Ministry of Justice. After the revolution he entered Parliament as a deputy from Konia, and later was appointed Minister for the Interior. Hairi Bey was known as a man of radical ideas, great activity and initiative, and good judgment. The fact that

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there was no objection to his appointment, and that his activities in behalf of reform have been enthusiastically welcomed, is a remarkable index to the fundamental changes which have taken place in Turkey since the war.

One of the first reforms of Hairi Bey was to abolish the old system of mosque schools, which depended upon the ministry of pious foundations, and in which stupidity and inactivity had been virtues. Instead of them modern schools have been created as an auxiliary to the public-school system of the Empire. In the new mosque schools, as well as in other schools, more and more attention is given to physical education and sports. Many of the schools, including the different branches of the University, have a great variety of athletic organizations. "Race betterment" and "survival" have become words which attract public attention.

A national Boy Scout organization has been started, with the Minister of War as its honorary head. Foreign experts have been engaged for several years to direct the movement. The Turkish papers, which considered it beneath their dignity only two years ago to publish news of sport, now favor athletics in preference even to political news. Popular ideals regarding vocations have also entirely changed. Formerly a lucrative Government position was the most esteemed and desired branch of occupation. Now, instead of the easy-going dependence upon the Government, private initiative and self-aid have become popular virtues and ideals.

Books and Men

THE GREAT UNREAD.

The joke of the year, concerning books, has been about two chorus girls, one of whom asked the other what she should give Maude for Christmas. To the suggestion that she give a book, she quickly replied: "Oh, no, Maude's got a book!"

This has been repeated in mirth, in derision, and in sorrow by authors, publishers, teachers, literary critics, and all manner of folk. It has pointed many a doleful address and essay upon the great unread. Coupled with a publisher's remark that the average woman spends more on buttons than on books, and two or three revelations about "bookless libraries" and the gullibility of the victims of the *édition de luxe*, it has disclosed the indifference to books, or the ignorance of them, which characterizes so large a class.

Perhaps those whose daily work is with books, in one way or another, do not realize how large this class is. It used to be comfortably assumed that it consisted altogether of "immigrants" and other "ignorant" people. The discoveries of librarians in the foreign quarters of various cities have done much to destroy this notion. The reading of foreign-born citizens is not only so much more constant, but, on the whole, so thoughtful, that we can no longer smugly accuse the "immigrants" of being our unlettered class. As in Mr. Steffens's investigations of municipal corruption, the faults come home and perch at the doors of the native born.

The men—they can be found everywhere—who would as quickly wear an academic cap and gown to office as carry a book; the women who can keep awake all the afternoon and three-quarters of the night at bridge, but yawn after fifteen minutes with a book; the folk, in short, who think it "literary" and affected to be seen with a book at all—these form the illiterate group.

That discerning novelist, Mrs. Watts, has described one or two of them to a nicety. "Mrs. Jameson," she writes, in "Van Cleve," "was a large, vivid, extraordinarily corseted and high-heeled lady, about forty-five years of age, with the same kind of auburn hair as her daughter's, invariably arranged in the latest fashion, or even a little in advance of the latest fashion; and with a fondness for perfumery and for entire toilets in shades of purple—parasols, gloves, silk stockings, suède shoes, all elaborately matched, wherewith she might frequently be seen upon the streets, bearing herself with a kind of languid *chic*—the word she herself would have used."

Mrs. Jameson and her daughter, Paula, "lived at 'private' hotels or fashionable boarding houses, here and there, and went to the theatre a great deal; idling through the rest of their time in shopping, or having their hands manicured and hair dressed, or giving the French bulldog his bath, or yawning over the last lurid novel, with a box of chocolate drops, in the rocking-chairs of the roof-garden or lounge."

I am unable to get into a wrath with these amiable butterflies, although I know that they make it hard for me to own books, since they keep up the prices by refusing to buy. They would also keep me poor by neglecting to buy any learned book I might (for the sake of argument) be imagined to write. They are no more disagreeable, though far more numerous, than the extreme type of blue-stocking—the female "high-brow" of the comic papers. The latter comes in for any amount of derision, although she is as rare as the apteryx. Mrs. Jameson and Paula, on the other hand, duplicated to infinity, may be found sitting in rows on the verandas of all the summer hotels.

Mrs. Jameson, like the girl in the song, is more to be pitied than censured. She is laying up a stupid old age for herself, although she has the preventive against ennui advised by the Frenchman—cards. The escape, the freedom, the variety, the genuine pleasure and delicious fun that live in books—none of these are known to her.

Is it her fault altogether, or the fault of those who in the past have jealously guarded books, and built walls of different kinds about them? There are other ways of restricting books than by the chains of the old monastic libraries. The uninspired and forbidding teacher, the pedantic writer, the grubber for unessential facts—these and a dozen others have created not only the tradition, but the fact of dryness, in books. Through the heap of dust in which they would bury literature its humanity often has a struggle to emerge. Certainly, it has a hard time to attract the notice of the Mrs. Jamesons.

Is this a gloomy view? Perhaps it is. In the face of this cheerful advertisement, taken from a current journal, it must be admitted that there is hope—hope even for the rich. Here is the happy offer:

YOUNG WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS about books would like to form libraries of scarce books and first editions for people of means who know nothing about books, but are anxious to own a rare library. Please do not reply unless you have the desire and money for accomplishment of this object. Address, etc.

Another proverb—about there being no royal road to learning—goes overboard!

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE "ROLLING STONE."

For nearly fifteen years O. Henry lived in Austin, Tex. During 1894-1895 he edited in Austin an eight-page weekly newspaper called the *Rolling Stone*, which was widely praised by the State press as well as by humorous writers throughout the United States. John Kendrick Bangs and Bill Nye were particularly pleased with the paper, and the latter was a frequent contributor to it. Various specimen pages and extracts from the paper were collected by the late Harry Peyton Steger and published by Doubleday, Page & Company in 1912 as volume twelve of O. Henry's complete works under the title of "Rolling Stones." The book is interesting and valuable, but a careful examination of a complete file of the *Rolling Stone* shows that some of Mr. Steger's statements are misleading and brings to light new and important facts.

For several years and until the latter part of 1894, William Sidney Porter was teller of the now deceased First National Bank of Austin. In the early spring of 1894, a certain W. C. Brann, editor of the *Iconoclast*, moved to Waco, Tex., selling his paper to Porter for $250. When only two issues of the *Iconoclast* had appeared under Porter's editorship, Brann, who had decided to start a paper at Waco, asked for the name *Iconoclast*. Porter willingly surrendered it, and rechristened his weekly the *Rolling Stone*.

The *Rolling Stone* did not appear on March 5, 1894, as Mr. Steger says, on page 217 of his book. His statement involves an oversight, as the piece of which he is speaking, "Bexar Script No. 2692," was published May 5, 1894, in Volume I, Number 4, of the *Rolling Stone*. Volume I, Number 3, appeared April 28, 1894. It was a five-column sheet, thirteen by twenty inches, printed on cheap, dull paper. With the fourteenth number the sheet was reduced to quarto size, the five columns were changed to three wide columns, the inferior paper was replaced by glossy paper of a good quality, and the motto, "Out for the Moss," which had up to this time served as a sub-title, disappeared. With Volume I, Number 36, the sheet was enlarged to its original size, but the glossy paper and the three wide columns were retained. All of the issues of Volume II present the same general

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appearance as Volume I, Number 36, except that they are printed on cheap, rough paper. The page called the "Plunkville Patriot," which was got up in imitation of a backwoods country newspaper, did not appear, as Mr. Steger says (p. ix), "each week, or at least with the regularity of the somewhat uncertain paper itself." It was evidently an evolution in fun-making; for it began only in Volume I, Number 29, October 27, 1894, when the *Rolling Stone* had lived more than half of its life. It was then published regularly in the remaining numbers of Volume I and in all the numbers of Volume II.

The first issue of the paper was prepared by Porter and his father-in-law, Mr. G. P. Roach, but it pretentiously purported to be the offspring of "The Rolling Stone Company, 113 East Seventh Street, Driskill Hotel Block." Soon afterwards, however, Dixie Daniels (now a dentist in Galveston) became business manager, and the offices of the publication were changed to Rooms 7 and 9, Bruegerhoff Building. In Volume II, No. 2, January 26, 1895, one reads that the paper is "edited by W. S. Porter and Henry Ryder-Taylor. Published simultaneously in Austin and San Antonio, Tex., every Saturday." In the editorial column of this same issue Porter announces that Mr. Ryder-Taylor ("No, not H. Rider Haggard") has accepted the position of local manager for San Antonio. Henceforth one page of the paper was devoted to articles and jokes written by Mr. Ryder-Taylor for the delectation of San Antonio people. The offices of publication were then 104 East Tenth Street, Austin, and 827 South Presa Street, San Antonio. In March, 1895, the *Rolling Stone* skipped two issues. In Volume II, No. 9, March 30, 1895, appeared a humorous apology for this temporary suspension of publication. (The apology has been printed in "Rolling Stones," p. 212.) And then, apologies over, Porter hopefully announced that Mr. Hec A. McEachin, of Austin, had been engaged as associate business manager, and would at once put the *Rolling Stone* on a firm financial basis. Despite this announcement, the paper discontinued publication with the twelfth issue, April 27, 1895.

That the *Rolling Stone* made heroic efforts to enlarge its subscription lists is seen from the fact that the first issue of 6,000 copies was distributed free. It also contained a double-column advertisement, which is incorrectly and incompletely reproduced on page 10 of "Rolling Stones." The part which is omitted reads as follows:

"Each number will contain Stories, Humorous Sketches [sic], Poems, Jokes, properly labelled, side-splitting references to the Mother-in-law, the goat, Governor Hogg, and the States of the weather and Texas."

The paper made thrilling pleas for agents in neighboring towns, varying the monotony by such notices as this:

"The *Rolling Stone* one year and half a dozen of Hill's best Cabinet Photographs for $2! Do you want photos of your wife, baby, brother, sister, of yourself, free? If not, let the cook have some taken."

Porter worked on the Houston *Post* from October, 1895, to July, 1896. Except for a few very brief visits, he was not again in Texas after July, 1896. With the death of the *Rolling Stone* and the termination of his work on the *Post*, Porter's connection with Texas and with the South may be said to have ended.

HYDER E. ROLLINS.

The University of Texas.

Risorgimento History

DECLINE OF MONARCHICAL PRESTIGE.

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

I.

Recent history is proverbially uncertain, mainly because it often requires the lapse of a generation before the necessary material becomes accessible. In the case of our Civil War, however, memoirs of generals and political leaders began to appear soon after 1870, and by 1890 works of permanent authority, like Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" and Grant's memoirs, had been published.

In Italy, on the contrary, much important material concerning the struggle for independence was held back; but for some time past the Italian presses have poured out an increasing stream of books on every episode and, one might almost say, on nearly every man and woman of the Risorgimento. Documents have been edited; the correspondence and diaries of patriots and their adversaries have been published; recollections of eye-witnesses, or the reports of the stories their children heard them tell, have overflowed from the monthly and weekly magazines into Sunday supplements and the daily papers. Facsimiles of old illustrations have accompanied reprints of contemporary articles.

Besides the organization of the National Society for the History of the Risorgimento in 1906, there have sprung up historical societies in each province and in the principal cities; and these have been reinforced by the establishment of patriotic museums which preserve every conceivable relic. Milan cherishes old handkerchiefs on which the heroic Tazzoli scrawled in ooze from his wound messages to confederates outside his Mantuan prison; Rome treasures Garibaldi's military cloak; Turin shows Cavour's watch and chain and inkstand.

When you come upon Ugo Foscolo's faded brown beard in a glass case at the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, you may smile at the extravagance to which this passion for preserving sometimes leads; you are struck by the lack of perspective in some of the books printed and in the judgments passed; but you cannot fail to rejoice that this passion came upon the Italians while it was still time for them to rescue from oblivion the records of their national redemption. Future historians will thank the thousand eager collectors of to-day; and although the task of winnowing will be formidable, it cannot daunt them. Better too much than too little is the true historian's motto. Contemporaries can never tell what material posterity will hold indispensable. All the more reason, therefore, for accumulating as much as possible for posterity to choose from.

II.

However it may be in natural science, it does not always follow in history that the assemblers of historical material are the persons best fitted to sort, weigh, and edit; much less to achieve that very difficult synthesis which results in an historical work of high rank and vital significance. And this sufficiently explains why the present in Italy is a time of accumulation rather than of interpretation.

More attention is paid to Garibaldi and Mazzini than to any other Risorgimento characters. The admiration bestowed on both has reached the stage of idolatry, and idolatry does not conduce to a sober estimate of men or measures; but it has the merit of causing everything, no matter how trivial, connected with the idol, to be devoutly preserved. How far the Garibaldi cult has gone can be inferred from the following title of a book just published at Capua, "The Sublime Figures, Jesus and Garibaldi, in the History of Human Redemption: Historical Notices and Revelations, Sacred and Profane." Comment seems superfluous! Thus Garibaldi, who spent his life working to abolish the worship of saints and superstitions created by idolaters of ages long gone by, is himself become a demigod, wrapt in an aura of legend and superstition of his own.

Mazzini, too, is far on towards apotheosis. Long ago the Italian Government decreed that a complete edition of his works, including all his correspondence, should be published by the nation. At least seventy large volumes, perhaps one hundred, will rise as a monument to the Conspirator-Apostle.

Here is revenge, indeed! The exile whose letters for forty years passed surreptitiously from hand to hand, being excluded from the mails, will fill more bookshelves than does the Great Napoleon. Not many of those volumes are likely to be read half a century hence; but if, in 1970, some historical student should wish to search into the details of Mazzini's career, he will find ample material. The best of Mazzini, what we may call his message, can all be distilled into a fair-sized, precious octavo. Mazzini can never compete with Garibaldi in popularity. Comparatively few of his countrymen knew him personally. He did his work, perforce, behind closed doors, and not on romantic marches and amid spectacular battles, with the whole world looking on. The black waistcoat and black cravat-collar, which he wore from his youth till his death as a token of mourning for his country, made no such appeal to the eye as the Garibaldian red shirt. Nevertheless, he also is having his deification, during which it would be discourteous to ask for a serious, critical estimate of his methods, doctrines, or deeds. Meanwhile, every scrap of his writing and every reminiscence of persons who knew him, however slightly, are being garnered —to the obvious profit of future historians.

The carefully planned campaign for whitewashing Crispi, which opened a few years ago, will result in similar benefit to historical students, although the documents which have thus far been published by Crispi's apologists are not always free from signs of doctoring. They err in proving too much —in dwarfing everybody else in the Party of Revolution, even Garibaldi and Mazzini

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—in order that Crispi may stand out as *the* colossus among pygmies. Eventually, these papers must come into the hands of dispassionate editors and be printed without partisan omissions or suggestions. Until that happens, an historian who knows the subject deeply can easily distinguish the doubtful from the reasonably sure portions; and he will be aided by the evidence for and against Crispi which is continually being released.

III.

Each generation judges the history of its predecessors by its own needs, prejudices, and ideals. The French Revolution has remained so *live*—it has, in truth, so monopolized modern French history—that it is fought over to-day by writers with almost as much fierceness as the actors in it displayed. The Restoration reduced it to one formula; the men of 1830 to another; the Revolutionists of 1848, catching up and emphasizing some of its tenets, made their startling though abortive experiment; with equal assurance the Communards of 1871 drew from it inspiration for their havoc. Taine wrote its history to warn his countrymen against looking upon it and going mad, as those did who stayed to look upon the Gorgon. Aulard, on the contrary, has recently described it as an event of great intrinsic beneficence, to which France may turn for guidance along the path of progress. So true is it that "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," that, were a vegetarian party to spring up to-morrow and dominate France, it would not hesitate to assert that it derived its sanction from the men of 1789.

The Risorgimento is undergoing a somewhat similar transformation. Down to 1878, when Victor Emmanuel II died, the monarchical prestige prevailed, and only extremists denied that national unity had been won through the leadership of the House of Savoy. Garibaldi, in 1859 and again in 1860, openly announced that, although by preference a republican, he loyally accepted the King's authority. A little later, Crispi, till then one of the bitterest republican partisans, arraigned Mazzini for persisting in attempting to overthrow the monarchy. "The monarchy unites us," he wrote, "and the republic would divide us."

It followed quite naturally that the first crop of Risorgimento material was not only strongly tinged with monarchical ideals, but was also markedly monarchical in origin. The government published collections of official documents. Native and foreign historians had, logically, to designate Turin as the centre from which radiated the national movement. The death of Cavour, in 1861, while Italy was still incomplete, tended to spread broadcast and to fix the fact that the monarchy was indispensable. Every biography of him that appeared, however imperfect it was, owing to reserves imposed by prudence on the early biographers, confirmed this assumption. And as one after another of the men who helped to make Italy through the agency of the House of Savoy died, and their biographies and correspondence were printed, the monarchy was further exalted.

IV.

About twenty years ago, however, the output of Republican documents began to increase. The political control of Italy had already, in 1876, passed out of the hands of the Historic Right, the party which Cavour founded in 1852 and made the instrument of Italian independence. Thenceforward, Ministries were in part composed of ex-conspirators and Republicans—like Cairoli, Nicotera, Crispi—whose early careers, not less than the exploits of the associates of their youth, furnished topics for a thousand pens. Not merely the lives of individuals were written up, but the secrets of the Carbonaria and of Young Italy were disclosed. To have been a Revolutionist became a mark of special honor.

Mazzini's disciples collected with pious industry his correspondence, or reprinted his clandestine manifestoes and journals. The volume of Garibaldian material swelled from a brook to a stream, and from a stream to a river; and, as several thousand men had served under Garibaldi, and many of these had their own stories to tell, the river seemed at times to broaden into a freshet. What happened in the case of Mazzini and Garibaldi was repeated, to a smaller degree, in the case of the local leaders.

The local, or sectional, aspect added to the strength of the anti-monarchical propaganda; for the simple reason that it was chiefly members of the Party of Revolution who had carried on the patriotic agitation in the Two Sicilies and Rome and in Venice before 1859. As the constitutionalists migrated to Piedmont during the fifties, and became identified there with the Cavourian programme, so their work was merged in that of the monarchy.

Now, it appeared that every town had had its little nest of conspirator patriots, who labored at the peril of their lives; men and women who, whether wise or not, often sacrificed everything to their cause. Having trusted Mazzini's declaration that the Republic alone could redeem Italy, most of them had remained Republicans. Inevitably, therefore, when the records of these conspirators were published, the impression was created that it was the Revolution and not the monarchy which permeated the Peninsula with the regenerative doctrines, and had been the real creator of the united nation.

Sectional as well as partisan pride has had much to do in coloring both the testimony and the deductions drawn from it. The people of the south resented the imputation that they had not contributed at least an equal share with the people of the north. The Sicilians and the Neapolitans chafed at being governed, during the first years of their emancipation, by administrators sent from Piedmont. The Piedmontese found them not only not grateful, but unruly and rebellious. The memoirs and documents do not hide these sectional jealousies; on the contrary, their virulence attests their genuineness.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the advance of democracy in Italy, as elsewhere, has intensified the interest in the achievements of the lower classes. Had Garibaldi's Thousand been recruited from the aristocracy, and had they accomplished exactly the same dazzling feats, they would not have excited one-tenth of the wonder and admiration which covered his nondescript volunteers with glory. The Red Shirts sprang almost to a man from the People, and the People felt itself ennobled by their triumph. To exalt every popular accomplishment, and to slight, if not to ignore, whatever worthy thing is done by the upper classes, is a common stage in the democratizing process in Europe. Needless to say, the thin partition which divides crude democracy from demagogy is often broken down.

Thus, while the majority of writers and the great bulk of material during the earlier generation stood on the side of the monarchy, the balance has been more than redressed. The Radicals have not only been bringing their records to light, but they have the most vigorous disputants fighting their cause, who have agreed upon a conventional interpretation of the chief points at issue between the Revolution and the Monarchy—especially in the relations of Garibaldi and Cavour: they do not argue, they assert.

Crispi set the example in this, for during the last thirty years of his life he always contended that Italy owed her redemption to the Party of Revolution. In his speeches and articles he bowed in passing to Victor Emmanuel, as a loyal symbol, but he saluted Mazzini and Garibaldi and their followers as the national saviours, and he scarcely ever referred to Cavour. If he mentioned the Cavourians, it was usually to denounce their incompetence.

The potent influence of poetry has also been at work in behalf of the Revolution. Carducci, the foremost Italian poet since Leopardi, began as a youth to sing the exploits of the Republican patriots and the beauty of the Republican ideal. By implication, if not by direct charge, he discredited the monarchy; and, although his poems were too difficult in form, too involved in phrase, and too erudite in substance, to appeal to the masses, they did appeal mightily to the intelligent bourgeois, and particularly to the young university men, who transmitted their message to the common people. When he was nearly sixty years old, Carducci woke up to the fact that the monarchy was essential to the preservation, as it had been to the creation, of United Italy; but he could not then recall his utterances which had, for forty years, been encouraging those who wished to destroy the monarchy and to set up the Republic.

V.

These are some of the aspects which [illegible] readers and writers of Risorgimento history to-day. They show that, although historical

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material may remain unchanged, each generation will approach it from a different angle, and in this case the material has changed, thanks to vast additions from many sources. The obvious caution that needs to be given is: Beware of those who interpret the past according to the issues of the present; and, conversely, beware of those who read back the present into the past. Mazzini, for instance, would rage if he knew what some of the Radicals profess who now claim him as their guide. So in America latter-day policies are foisted on Lincoln which he never dreamed of and would never have approved.

In Italy the period of accumulating historical material concerning the Risorgimento seems likely to continue for a long time to come, and the polemical tone of its editors will not soon die out. But every exaggeration, every attempt to magnify one party or to belittle another unduly, brings a reaction; and in the process some indisputable facts may be established. But facts are not all, if by facts we mean documented statements; we must finally know the passions which determine action and qualify judgment—transcendental facts of the highest importance. Not the least of the reasons why the Risorgimento will long hold the attention of foreigners as well as of Italians, is its richness in passion—vehement, varied, and representative. The very intensity of its factions, like that of Guelfs and Ghibellines, bespeaks the vitality which defies oblivion.

Correspondence

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Perhaps a final word may be permitted me regarding the question of the constitutional power of the courts. There is just one fundamental point at issue between the three gentlemen who have engaged in this correspondence and myself. Their basic contention, if I have not misunderstood them, is that the framers of our Federal Constitution specifically granted to the Federal Judiciary the right to declare null and void any law enacted by the Federal Legislature which the judiciary might deem to be unconstitutional. My basic contention is that no such specific grant of power is to be found in the Constitution. Two lines of evidence are advanced by the gentlemen in support of their contention: (1) instances of the exercise of similar power by State courts previous to the framing of the Federal Constitution are cited; and (2) quotations from members of the Constitutional Convention and from persons contemporary with the Convention are cited. My reply to both lines of evidence is that, in view of the fact that the plan of giving this power to the judiciary was well known, we are still further justified in asking why so fundamental a grant of power was not specifically delegated, in unmistakable terms, in the Federal Constitution if it was definitely decided upon by a majority of the members of the Convention.

E. M. Hulme.

Moscow, Idaho, June 19.

THE COLORADO STRIKE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Referring to an editorial paragraph in the *Nation* of May 28, I wish to express my appreciation of the position which you have taken in reference to the deplorable condition in this State arising from the coal miners' strike.

That such a warning as you give is necessary seems to me to be apparent from the readiness with which a large share of the public have accepted the misrepresentations of the magazines and newspapers. It is a sad commentary on the intelligence of those of the reading public who have allowed their own supreme reason to sleep under the influence of an hysterical and a degenerating metropolitan press.

Our State and many of its best men have been sadly misrepresented, and when the truth is finally known, your position, as indicated in the article referred to, will, in my judgment, be fully justified.

Arthur L. Kellogg.

Denver, June 6.

"THE LAST OF A GREAT AGE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of the *Nation* for April 30, under the above caption, the reviewer of Mrs. Higginson's life of her illustrious husband, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, refers to him as "one of the most attractive figures of the great New England Age of which he was the *last eminent survivor.*" (Italics mine.)

I have recently read the delightful reminiscences of Dr. James Kendall Hosmer, published in a handsome volume entitled "The Last Leaf," in which he gives his personal recollections of Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Thoreau, and others, including a visit to Emerson's home, and the fact that at the commemoration in 1865 of the Harvard soldiers who had taken part in the Civil War he spoke for the rank and file, following Lowell in the delivery of his Commemoration Ode.

Dr. Hosmer, I am sure, would not think of himself as belonging to the inner circle of the great poets named above, but he certainly was in close personal touch with some of them, and Longfellow and Lowell were professors during his student life at Harvard.

Then we have Franklin B. Sanborn, at eighty-two, who was the biographer of Emerson and Thoreau, and their near neighbor at Concord, and who is still writing and speaking for a large audience of admirers. I make no plea that Dr. Hosmer or Mr. Sanborn should be included in the inner circle, but they were both so near to the great writers of the last century as to make them of special interest to all Americans who admire the great ones who have passed away.

It may not be known to some readers of the *Nation* who in childhood read "Cudjo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," "The Drummer Boy," "Martin Merrivale," etc., and used to recite the poems, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," "The Vagabonds," and "The Charcoal Man," that John Townsend Trowbridge, the author of these, is still living in Arlington, Mass., at eighty-seven years of age.

Mr. Trowbridge began writing for the press sixty-seven years ago, at the early age of twenty; published his first volume, "Father Brighthopes," in 1853; was one of the first contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, founded in 1857, and has issued more than two score volumes of stories and poems, and was doubtless more closely identified with the great writers born in the early part of the last century than any of the men or women who have died within the past half-dozen years. While literary critics do not count him on a level with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, he has been a remarkably prolific, versatile, and popular writer. "My Own Story, with Recollections of Noted Persons," published in 1903, was probably intended as his "last leaf," but he has published two volumes, one of poems and one of prose, since then.

Doubtless years will elapse before the last of the men and women of literary culture who knew some of the writers of the "Great Age" have passed away, but as one after another departs we hold in closer affection those who remain; and "The Last Leaf" of Dr. Hosmer, coming from a man in his eighty-first year, whose eye has not grown dim nor his natural force abated, written with all the vivacity and interest of a younger man, touching on famous men the world over with whom he had come in personal contact, was an immense treat to me, heightened as it was by some personal acquaintance with the author.

Everett O. Fisk.

Boston, Mass., June 10.

SOUTHERN HISTORY IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At a meeting of the board of regents of the University of Texas on April 28, Major George W. Littlefield, C. S. A., one of the regents, established a fund of $25,000 for the collection of materials for the history of the South. In his letter bestowing the gift, he says: "It has been my desire to see a history written of the United States, with the plain facts concerning the South and her acts since the foundation of the Government, especially since 1860, fairly stated, that the children of the South may be truthfully taught and persons matured since 1860 may be given opportunity to inform themselves correctly." For the next seven years the fund is in 6 per cent. securities, and will yield $1,500 a year. The expenditure of this income is vested in a committee consisting of Mr. H. A. Wroe, a banker, of Austin; the professor of American history in the University of Texas, the president of the University, the University librarian, and the State librarian. After fifty years the capital may be spent, if necessary. "The committee is fully empowered to use the fund as their judgment may dictate to purchase books, pamphlets, newspaper files, maps, manuscripts, etc., bearing on the history of the South," endeavoring "to lay with it the foundation of a collection that shall be of fundamental value for the full and impartial study of the South and of its part in American history."

Major Littlefield was born in Mississippi in 1842, moved to Texas in 1850, and in August, 1861, at the age of nineteen, enlisted in Company I, Eighth Texas Cavalry, better known locally as Terry's Texas Rangers. He participated in most of the heavy fighting in northern Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and when incapacitated in December, 1863, by the wound which eventually forced his withdrawal from the army, he was a brevet major of his regiment. Starting at the close of the war, as so many others of the South, in a state bordering on bankruptcy,

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he followed farming, shop-keeping, and finally laid the foundation of a substantial fortune in the cattle trade during the most picturesque period of the "cowboy," himself accompanying his herds to market along the Texas and Kansas trails. At present he is president of the American National Bank of Austin.

The feeling has long existed in the South, expressed most vigorously by camps of Confederate Veterans and chapters of Confederate Daughters, that the South has been treated always inadequately, and sometimes unfairly, by writers of American history. Too often, no doubt, these societies have been led to condemn particular books on the basis of isolated sentences. But with due allowance for a somewhat natural fervor and lack of discrimination in such quarters, judicious persons, North as well as South, frankly recognize that there is some ground for the feeling of soreness—that the South has not always been fully and fairly represented. The commonplace explanation that American history has been written mostly by New Englanders who were either prejudiced or dishonest is no longer sufficient, because respectable historians of the twentieth century are neither. The fact is that we have not only, resentfully enough, to be sure, allowed New England to write our history, but by neglecting to collect our materials and make them available we have forced it to write from incomplete and partial sources. There are some mitigating circumstances, but fundamentally the South has only itself to blame.

The three principal agencies which may in time be expected partially to remedy the situation are the State libraries and historical commissions of the South, the State universities, and local historical societies. The first two are dependent on legislative appropriations, and the last are generally supported by small membership fees, yielding barely enough to publish small quarterly journals. Individually, legislators are ready enough to concede the importance of the subject, but in their corporate capacity they are notoriously reluctant to spend the people's money for such an "unpractical" purpose as preserving the people's history—and such items as they allow have to run the gantlet of the Governor's veto, and not infrequently succumb.

Subject to such vicissitudes, nevertheless, the Historical Commission of Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas and the State Library of Virginia have made creditable progress within the last ten years in collecting and making available materials for the history of their respective States. The universities, however, which are not situated in capital cities and able to profit by these activities have fared badly. In the apportionment of university budgets but small allotments can be made to history, and small as they are, they must be stretched over the whole field of history, so that amounts which can be spent for distinctively Southern material are negligible. A glance at their catalogues shows that an attempt is made to teach certain phases of Southern history at the State Universities of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In most of these the period of reconstruction is the subject of the course; in some it is a course on State history. Instructors in nearly all of these institutions report inadequate material in their libraries for these courses, and appropriations too small to make good the deficiencies.

The University of Virginia makes no definite appropriation for American history, but the librarian says that they "buy as many significant things in that department as our means, considering all other demands of a competitive kind, will allow." The University of North Carolina spends annually about $300 on material relating to Southern history, but the library is not so well equipped for the study of Southern history as for other fields of American history. The University of Georgia spends $100 a year on Southern history, but its collection is weak, except in the field of Georgia history. Florida spends from $10 to $15 a year for American history; Mississippi from $400 to nothing on Southern history. Louisiana spends about $100 a year on Southern history, "including State and local works." Prof. Walter L. Fleming writes: "It is about all we can do to collect the most valuable publications on Louisiana history. . . . There is not enough material in the Louisiana State University library to form a basis for an adequate course in Southern history. . . . I doubt if an adequate course in any phase of Southern history can be given south of Mason and Dixon's line." At Arkansas, about $150 is appropriated to American history, and "probably 10 per cent." of this goes to Southern history. At Texas less than $33 a year has been spent for American history.* One correspondent writes: "With us the library funds are constantly drawn on to meet deficiencies in other lines—even in athletics, I suspect." Another adds: "A man who wishes to study any period or character in Southern history must go to the Northern libraries and to the Library of Congress to obtain the material."

Major Littlefield's gift is gratifying to historical students as a symptom of the South's dawning consciousness of obligation to its own history. It is the first practical step towards enabling any Southern institution to develop a respectable collection of Southern material. It is no part of Major Littlefield's purpose to promote the partisan study of history.

EUGENE C. BARKER.

Austin, Texas, June 2.

*The above figures are based on correspondence dated in the spring of 1913.

THE HONOR SYSTEM AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with much interest the contribution of Prof. O. W. Firkins in the *Nation* of May 7 on the honor system. I shall not attempt to controvert Professor Firkins's arguments, some of which, I confess, I do not fully understand—perhaps because I am unable to occupy his point of view. But I ask indulgence for a few remarks on this subpect, on which (though Professor Firkins does not quote me) I have once before written to the *Nation*.

It would be impossible for any faculty sharing Professor Firkins's opinions to inaugurate successfully the honor system. This is, in its essential nature, reciprocal: it cannot live without mutual confidence and good faith. What the faculty expects of the students, it must accord to the students—that is, entire confidence, without any shadow of suspicion or espionage. Of course, under any system, occasional lapses will occur, but it is better to be sometimes deceived than to destroy the basis of mutual confidence. Yet I am sure that, under the honor system, such lapses will be fewer than under any other; for the wit of a student, or of a group of students, intent to deceive, is always sharper than any possible professor's eye.

I agree with Professor Firkins that the exaction of a pledge is offensive. In my opinion, it is inconsistent with any true conception of the honor system, and should be everywhere abolished, as it has been, with the best results, in this institution. The honor system, rightly conceived, is only the honor principle, such as exists everywhere among gentlemen, applied to the conditions of college life. It means that the faculty are gentlemen; the students are gentlemen; and the relations between them, always and everywhere, are such as should mark the intercourse of gentlemen, whether singly or in groups. It is a low and degrading conception of the honor system that confines it to examinations or to the classroom. It should govern the conduct and intercourse of professors and students always and everywhere. I hope Professor Firkins will excuse me if I ask him, and other readers of the *Nation*, to reflect upon this view.

Might I plead the privilege of old age and of long experience to add a personal word? Since 1848, when I became a sophomore, I have been in intimate connection with college life. I have lived under almost every system—that of the class monitor, and that of professorial supervision and espionage, both of which I have found to be futile and unsuccessful—may I add, also, at least unmoral, if not immoral; and it is my conviction that the only decent *modus vivendi* between faculty and students must be based on the honor principle, and that this is the only sound basis for the education of character. I venture to believe that the time is coming when no other plan will be deemed consistent with the growth of American manhood.

EDWARD S. JOYNES,
Emeritus Professor.

University of South Carolina, June 15.

DECADENCE IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a lover of Russian literature, may I venture to protest against Mr. More's indictment of Dostoievsky and Tolstoy in your issue of May 21, in which he terms them a "main literary source" of contemporary literary perversion, of the belief that "decency is not permitted to art"? In support of his position, he cites the most famous scene in Dostoievsky's most famous novel, "Crime and Punishment," that in which Raskolnikov bows down to the feet of Sonia. On this he comments indignantly:

There it is. Somehow we are to be lifted up by sympathizing with a madman worshipping humanity in the person of a girl of the street. Filth, disease, morbid dreams, bestiality, insanity, sodden crime, these are the natural pathway to the emancipation of the spirit; these in some mysterious way are spirituality.

Now, in the first place, Raskolnikov is not a madman (Mr. More's own quotation states that Sonia started back from him *"as she would have done* from a madman"), and Sonia has become a "girl of the street" only in order to save her stepmother and stepsisters from actual starvation. Furthermore, the leading thought in Dostoievsky's novel is that of the ascetic purification of character by suffering and meekness. Raskolnikov bows down to Sonia not as a girl of the street, but as the most perfect example known to

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him of Christian self-sacrifice. Dostoievsky may justly be stigmatized as morbid and unwholesome, but to link him with the decadent school in his moral attitude shows a total misconception of his work. With his repulsive subjects he deals in a manner which is the reverse of the decadent unmoral or immoral attitude, and which may justly be termed spiritual, though the spirituality may not be such as will appeal to the average Anglo-Saxon. Whatever may be thought of Dostoievsky's social theories or of his æsthetic methods, his morality is ascetic and puritan, at the other pole from the decadent glorification of the lusts of the flesh.

"The same lesson," Mr. More continues, "runs through Tolstoy and Strindberg and a dozen other moralists who are, as it were, the prophets of our young." With Strindberg I am not concerned; for Tolstoy the statement is still more groundless than for Dostoievsky. Tolstoy was a man of strong physique, a lover of vigorous exercise in the free open air, and the spirit of such exercise fills his great novels up to and including "Anna Karenina." They are as free from decadence—well, as Sir Walter Scott. His later works, however, do deal with sombre themes. After his religious conversion, Tolstoy lost his taste for the world as it is at present constituted. In such tales as "The Kreutzer Sonata" he speaks of the seamy side of life with a disconcerting frankness. But, far from hinting that "spirituality is the product of vice," he upholds in that drastic book an ascetic morality resembling that of his fellow plain-speaker, St. Paul. It is one of the curiosities of literary criticism that Mr. More, who has read "What Is Art?" and written of it, should couple Tolstoy with the decadents against whom Tolstoy poured out the vials of his wrath. G. R. Noyes.

Berkeley, Cal., June 16.

LETTERS OF LINCOLN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The undersigned have been appointed by the trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library editors of a collection of uncollected and unprinted letters, speeches, etc., of Abraham Lincoln. We should greatly appreciate any information concerning such material that may be furnished us by your readers.

Daniel K. Dodge.
Clarence W. Alvord.

University of Illinois, Urbana, June 25.

VOYAGES ON THE AMAZON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Some voyages on the Amazon have been overlooked. Under instructions of the United States Navy Department, February, 1851, Lieuts. Herndon and Gibbon surveyed the valley of the Amazon. They started from Lima and made the survey west to east. Lieut. Herndon chose for his part the headwaters and trunk of the Amazon and followed it by canoe and sailboat to its mouth, probably seeing all the rivers. Lieut. Herndon says the most remarkable voyage on the Amazon was made in 1769, by Madame des Odonnais, from the head waters to the mouth. His report was made January, 1853, and was published by the Public Printer, Washington, in 1854. J. F. Llewellyn.

Mexico, Mo., June 3.

Literature

MEMOIRS BY HENRY JAMES.

Notes of a Son and Brother. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

In "A Small Boy and Others," which we noticed last summer, Henry James devoted 419 pages to the somewhat nebulous recollections of his childhood. This second hunk of reminiscences, 515 pages, breaks off in his early twenties with an event which both William and Henry James felt as marking the end of their youth. Though the stuff of this volume is far richer than that of the first, the manner of it is not less exasperating. The simplest thought—for example, that Newport is not a bad place to live in either in summer or in winter—must go halting to the reader on heroic stilts: "Its rare distinction and precious attribute was that, being a watering-place, a refuge from summer heats, it had also, were the measure considerably stretched, possibilities of hibernation." Sentence after sentence half-a-page long reflects a moment of consciousness that has been stretched upon the rack and broken upon the wheel till it has gasped forth its shadowiest dubieties and its faintest qualifying afterthoughts. Furthermore, till one has penetrated the masking humility of the unpretentious title, the intention of the book is obscure, and the indirectness with which persons and events are presented seems purely diabolical. One feels as William felt in his student days at Cambridge, when, after a visit from Henry, he wrote home that "the above-mentioned H. could in no wise satisfy my craving for knowledge of family and friends—he didn't seem to have been on speaking terms with any one for some time past, and could tell me nothing of what they did, said, or thought, about any given subject. Never did I see a so much uninterested creature in the affairs of those about him."

If Mr. James had quite shamelessly entitled his two volumes "The History of the Evolution of My Literary Imagination," we should have been warned at the outset not to expect any sharp objective presentment of him or of the men and things among which his perceptive youth was passed. We should have tried to fix our attention not upon the striking object nor the object struck, but upon the nature of the concussion and the direction of the resultant force. To be sure, one's sense of proportion may be irritated by the expenditure of nearly a thousand pages in explaining how a young man of twenty-five was enabled at last to sit down in Boston and write creditable short stories. But that is really the problem to which our attention is solicited. The whole "blest" history—to adopt the author's favorite epithet—was laboriously designed to discover complex domestic, social, and national forces conspiring to disengage and extrude Mr. James from the mute American mass, and to transform him from an insignificant participator to a significant spectator of life.

The chief detaching force during the period of Henry James's childhood was the long educational sojourn of the James family in Europe, treated in "A Small Boy and Others." They returned to America late in 1860, but, owing mainly to the singular character and position of the father, did not effectively "join on to it." An independent Swedenborgian touched with Emersonian transcendentalism, the elder Henry James seems to have shunned for himself and his sons as the gravest of all perils the pressure of any established routine, creed, or institution. Living on his "means," he preserved his offspring from the care and contamination of business, and when any one of them showed an inclination for a profession, he intimated a fear that it was too "narrowing." An evangelist with an incommunicable gospel—he maintained that Swedenborg was fairly "insipid with veracity"—he subjected his children to no church discipline, and invited no clergyman to cross his threshold. As is set forth at some length, it could hardly even have occurred to him as a desirable possibility to expose his boys to the conventional moulding influence of an American college. Perhaps the last important detaching stroke was some sort of physical accident which at about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War made Henry perforce but an interested looker-on at the departures of his brothers and companions for the front.

Already other and positive forces had thrown him into the æsthetic attitude, and had awakened his passion to be "literary." He had revisited his native land with eyes stimulated by a "riot of discrimination" in Europe, and set for the detection and apprehension of American types. To nine out of ten readers the records of these apprehensions of more or less illustrious figures will seem the valuable pages in the book. The large unworldly character of the Swedenborgian father does here actually begin to loom up and flicker with the faint light of a lovingly humorous apprehension. The impression of the young William James's bright and eager versatility is happily fixed by the insertion of a considerable number of extracts from his spirited correspondence, and by the reproduction of half-a-dozen of his sketches and his portrait in oils of Miss Katherine Temple—"a piece of painting," says Mr. James, "having, as has been happily suggested to me, much the air of a characteristic Manet." Space will not permit an exhibition of the exuberant drollery of William's letters from Cambridge in the period of his study under Agassiz in the early 'sixties, but his characteristically direct, ringing speech can be illustrated in brief compass. Take this, for example, of C. W. Eliot as he was over half a century ago: "Professor Eliot, at the School, is a fine fellow, I suspect; a man who if he resolves to do a thing won't be prevented." "Professor F. J. Child is a great joker—he's a little flaxen-haired boy of about 40." "Give

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my love to Wendell Holmes. I've seen —— ——— several times; but what a cold-blooded cuss he is!" William, as well as his brother, had an eye out for American types, and for the sake of contrast we must set down one of his "recognitions" recorded in a letter from Dresden:

The other afternoon as I was sitting on the Terrace, a gentleman and two young ladies came and sat down quite near me. I knew them for Americans at a glance, and the man interested me by his exceedingly American expression: a reddish moustache and tuft on chin, a powerful nose, a small, light eye, half insolent and *all* sagacious, and *a sort of rowdy air of superiority that made me proud to claim him as a brother.* In a few minutes I recognized him as General McClellan. . . . Whatever his faults may be, that of not being "one of us" is not among them.

How—again we fall into the Jacobean idiom—how could the impact of this ruddy fraternal personality upon the cool perceptiveness of his brother *not* shock the æsthetic consciousness into a wide-eyed awareness of possibilities on the American hunting-ground? Several months of painting in Newport with William and La Farge, if it had not made Henry a painter, had at any rate notably sharpened his appetite for an artistic career and quickened his sensibility to scenic effect. And La Farge himself had been a cheering discovery:

He was really an artistic, an æsthetic, nature of wondrous homogeneity; one was to have known in the future many an unfolding that went with a larger ease and a shrewder economy, but never to have seen a subtler mind or a more generously wasteful passion; in other words, a sincerer one, addressed to the problems of the designer and painter. . . . I see him at this hour again . . . leaning much forward with his protuberant and over-glazed, his doubting yet all-seizing vision.

Long an enraptured feaster upon the salmon-covered *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Henry James now came, through the mediation of La Farge, under the sway of Browning's "Men and Women," and was initiated into a life-long worship of Balzac—"the master of us all." After the abandonment of paint he passed through a vaguely indicated incubatory period at the Harvard Law School. His tribute to the literary stimulus of the Harvard airs is interesting: "Passing the Harvard portal positively failed, in fact, to strike me as the shorter cut to literature; the sounds that rose from the scene as I caught them appeared, on the contrary, the most detached from any such interest that had ever reached my ear." The great fruit of the Cambridge period was the "recognition" of Charles Eliot Norton and some of the finer spirits of his circle, and the momentary confrontation at Shady Hill of Charles Dickens. The account of Norton is a masterpiece of vague intimation, but one sentence on Dickens delivers a rather finely distinct impression: "The offered inscrutable mask was the great thing, the extremely handsome face, the face of symmetry yet of formidable character, as I at once recognized, and which met my dumb homage with a straight inscrutability, a merciless *military* eye, I might have pronounced it, an automatic hardness, in fine, which at once indicated to me, and in the most interesting way in the world, a kind of economy of apprehension."

Through Norton Mr. James made the acquaintance of Edwin Lawrence Godkin, at whose invitation, in 1865, he commenced as critic and assisted in the launching of the *Nation:*

Godkin's paper, Godkin's occasional presence and interesting history and vivid ability, and, above all, admirably aggressive and ironic editorial humor, of a quality and authority new in the air of a journalism that had meant, for the most part, the heavy hand alone, these things, with the sudden sweet discovery that I might for my own part acceptedly stammer a style, are so many shades and shifting tints in the positive historic iridescence that flings itself for my memory, as I have noted, over the "period" of Ashburton Place.

The "plot" in these years, as Mr. James says, was immensely "thickened" by the events and consequences of the Civil War. Throughout the conflict letters from the James boys at the front—a lively interlude in our record—supplied the imagination of the scrupulous observer at home with multitudinous, unfamiliar, and stirring sensations. The dispersion of the soldiers among the civilians at the close of the war was apprehended as a vast enrichment of the social soil. The death of Lincoln provided what had hitherto been lacking: "The collective sense of what had occurred was of a sadness, too noble not somehow to inspire, and it was truly in the air that, whatever we had as a nation produced or failed to produce, we could at least gather round this perfection of a classic woe." In short, the struggle between North and South had dignified and rendered illustrious the dull stage, and it had shaped and projected upon the æsthetic vision new and piquant types of character. A great vivifying thrill of recognition swept through the consciousness of the spectator: America had produced another artist!

"I like ambiguities," says Mr. James, "and detest great glares." It is needless to say that he does not allow the announcement of the birth of his talent to enter with any such thunder upon the ear. We strive only to convey promptly in our crude fashion an effect which we have received slowly in a hundred feather-light touches. It is an effect of anti-climax which is always produced in us sooner or later by an inveterate æstheticism—even by an æstheticism as remorselessly sincere, as tremendously high-bred as the æstheticism of Mr. James. Through all his cloudy ambiguities there glimmers the avowal that he has steadfastly looked upon this old earth and its denizens as but ministers to his artistic pleasure. In consequence of his æsthetic detachment he constantly writes, not like a much-experienced man, but rather like a refined and decorous collector and connoisseur of experience. "I bottle this imponderable extract of the loitering summers of youth," he says, "when every occasion really seemed to stay to be gathered and tasted, just for the sake of its faint sweetness." Felicitously phrased! Yet it is just this air of gathering and tasting, sustained throughout the book, that becomes ultimately almost intolerable; that makes one cry out that in a complete man there are other organs than "taste" for the apprehension of experience. A note of æsthetic relish is intolerable in a commemoration of the death of Lincoln. It is intolerable always to speak of America as "the American scene," of the Civil War as "our national drama," and of our sages and heroes as variously admired pictures in "my cabinet" or in "my gallery of portraits." It is undoubtedly true that the egotism which lurks in these phrases is not a personal, but a strictly artistic, egotism. But so was the egotism of the imperial harp-player who, clothed *in illo suo scenico habitu*, spoke of the "beauty of the flame" of burning Rome. It was a pretty phrase, but hardly up to the subject!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Price of Love. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How youth feels about age, the changes illness works in personality, all the little contradictory moods of irritation through which a steadfast affection works its will, and the desperate adjustments by which the little blind god sometimes manages to survive enlightenment—these are the things Mr. Bennett does inimitably well, the characteristic elements of his composition, and not one of them is lacking here. The idealism in which he has indulged is, of course, not that of the doctrinaire or perfectionist. It is merely the recognition that the literal truth about human nature is often very beautiful. No invention could possibly better an unregarded every-day miracle like this:

Every one of the millions of her kind thoughts had helped to mould the expression of her countenance. The expression was definite now, fixed, intensely characteristic after so many decades, and wherever it was seen it gave pleasure and by its enchantment created goodness and good will—even out of their opposites. Such was the life-work of Mrs. Maldon.

The love of which he counts the cost is one of the commonplaces of daily life, and a positive spiritual necessity to the three women who are willing to pay heavily for it. Mrs. Maldon had been obliged to maintain her charitableness at some sacrifice of candor. She could endure the knowledge of evil, but not admit it; and when her nephew's presence in the house coincided with the spiriting away of her one thousand pounds, in the frailty of her seventy-odd years she could no more combat the obvious implication and the ugly inference forced upon her by others than she could have withstood the thrust of a poisoned blade.

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Rachel, the pretty piece of warm-hearted loyalty who had been Mrs. Maldon's "lady companion" and married the gentlemanly rascal of a nephew, was much too downright and honest to find refuge in self-deception. But she could take reckoning of the dubious possibilities of her husband's character and outweigh them all with a love that no longer had anything to fear from disillusionment. There was, besides, the abjectly noble Mrs. Tams, whose benevolences were rendered acceptable by a humility like that of a faithful animal. She is the perfect embodiment of the traditional virtues of her peculiarly British type—what Mr. Bennett himself would call the "classic" charwoman. With great cheerfulness she pays the price of self-effacement.

We must confess that, although drawn on broadly popular lines, and ably qualified with masterly strokes, Mrs. Tams inspires us with no little dissatisfaction. It is impossible to contemplate Mrs. Tams and preserve the feeling of being at home in the Five Towns. She carries with her a De Morgan atmosphere and even vague reminders of Dickens, through whom a tenderness for the slavey first came to infest the English novel. It would almost seem that a Galsworthian thought had struck Mr. Bennett when he dwells upon the wealth of adventure with which poverty and ill-usage had enlivened her career. But in spite of Mrs. Tams and her typical perfections, the picture is kept entirely natural by the faces of the men who all unconsciously assist at this triumph of feminine magnanimity. No picture could be anything but natural that contained such a lusty old self-seeker as Councillor Batchgren. "His mere presence was always disturbing; when he supervened into an environment he had always the air of an animal on a profitable voyage of discovery." No one prizes strongly marked individuality more highly, or develops the conflict of irreconcilable points of view, with more adroit humor than Mr. Bennett, and the perturbation wrought in Mrs. Maldon's sitting-room by the mere presence of this friendly, white-whiskered satyr, "a coarse male creature in a highly feminized atmosphere," is just the sort of thing that particularly delights him.

Midstream: A Chronicle at Halfway. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Co.

A fashion of middle-aged autobiography is upon us. Jack London struck the note with no uncertain sound in "John Barleycorn"; Mr. Comfort now takes up the strain with even greater plangency. He is determined that nothing about himself shall be hidden from us. The kind of confidences Rousseau lets fall with a child-like smile are here thrust upon us with frowning determination. Of his odd, unhappy boyhood, with its cheerless home life and fragmentary schooling, of his early struggles with drink and with the pen, of his roving irresponsible experiences as a journalist, soldier, war correspondent, and finally apostle of peace, Mr. Comfort writes with a great deal of vividness and a marked lack of balance. There is little in these pages which the plain man can take to heart. The writer is not normal; he is too sincere and too sickly. His life now is determined by two obsessions: the necessity to write and the determination to philosophize.

To the narrative proper—which is itself almost as much gloss as text—is appended a long chapter of moralizing called The World Man and His Mother, in which the reader will find as many matters touched upon as in a woman's club lecture:

> The larger human consciousness is not reached until man has conquered intellectual arrogance, the disintegrating force of worshipping inferiors, the devilish magnetisms of artistic mastery, and finally that black enthralling passion for spiritual dominion. . . .
>
> The world-man hurls out his splendid offering to the race. The God-man is universal, a cosmic creative force. . . .
>
> Matter is dead. . . .
>
> This is the age of woman's transition. . . .
>
> We hear the song-sparrow a thousand times. At last in some moment of our purer receptivity we realize that this is one of Nature's angels saying "The plan is good. The plan is good." . . . The sparrow was singing it all the time.

The Return of the Prodigal. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The story from which this volume gets its title discloses, together with three or four others in the collection of eight, Miss Sinclair at her worst. Always an attentive student of character, she deals in these instances with personal traits which for convincing portrayal would require the space of many more than the few pages given to them. The result is incompleteness, furnished with some show of a conclusion by means of a penny-whistle climax. In the more extended pieces, such as "Miss Tarrant's Temperament," "The Wrackham Memoirs," and "The Cosmopolitan," the author is seen in typical operation. For Miss Sinclair is most at home in an imagined world, one not wholly detached from actual life, perhaps, yet one in which the fringe of consciousness is permitted full play; often to the detriment, it must be added, of downright, more familiar impulses. What does it profit though Miss Tarrant have an exquisite connoisseurship of men, if the men surrounding her are only shadowy spectators?

It is with woman, rather than man, that Miss Sinclair is mainly concerned—woman possessed of the new hope of enfranchisement. And the reader will follow with interest the various spheres which a person of Miss Sinclair's subtlety finds suited to the feminine mind.

The Cost of Wings, and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The simple plan of giving the reader a surprise and calling it a story is employed some twenty-odd times in this volume. Occasionally, the supposed surprise (it takes a facile responsiveness to react to them all) is a mildly pleasant one, as when the slavey to whom the elderly valet has been kind turns out to be the mistress of a neat little fortune, and all eager to marry and set him up in the public-house business. Again, it is a shock of horrid disgust when the unappreciated wife blows out her brains before her insensible husband's eyes. Preferably the author includes a touch of the grewsome or grotesque, but incongruity is what really appeals to her most. This penchant was liberally instanced in her novels, where it made startling reading. Its best present illustration is found in the brief anecdote of the South Africa war veteran whose gallantry on the field of battle had won him the Victoria Cross—and wounds enough to pauperize him. The munificent acknowledgment accorded this poor wreck of a hero by his native town was nothing more nor less than the erection of a handsome public drinking-fountain in his honor.

There is not so much originality or robust humor in these tales as in an earlier volume, "Headquarter Recruit," but there is a good deal more journalistic flippancy; more, too, of what the lecturer who was laboring to commend Kipling to a country Chautauqua audience, described as "something of an olive taste."

PROBLEMS OF EMPIRE.

King's College Lectures on Colonial Problems. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.40.

There are only six lectures in this series; but they constitute the most noteworthy contribution of their class to the literature of the British colonial system since Prof. W. J. Ashley edited the lectures on economic and commercial conditions in the oversea dominions that were given by various authorities on colonial economy at Birmingham University in the winter of 1910-1. In this King's College series, organized last year on much the same plan by Professor Hearnshaw, only one lecture—that by Sir Everard im Thurn, on "Native Land and Labor in the South Seas"—was concerned with the economic aspects of modern British colonization. The others were devoted either to the history of some phase of colonization or to political problems arising in the larger oversea dominions or out of the relations between the Dominions and Great Britain.

The first lecture in the series, by the Rev. T. J. Lawrence, lecturer on international law at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on the position of the oversea dominions in international law, falls within the last division. It is a study of the position of Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa when England is at war, and of the demand of the dominions, now conceded, to negotiate commercial treaties for themselves. Canada was the first to make this demand. There was a concession to it in 1871, when Sir John A. Macdonald was appointed one of the plenipotentiaries

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in the negotiations with the United States in regard to trade and fisheries. Since then there have been many instances in which representatives of Canada, temporarily associated with the Foreign Office, have negotiated commercial treaties, not only with this country, but also with France and Germany; and this method of negotiation of treaties affecting the dominions is now considered normal.

There has been no settlement of the assertion recently made that the oversea dominions can remain neutral when Great Britain is at war. Mr. Lawrence repudiates the idea; for neutrality and belligerency are functions of sovereign states. They are predicated of international persons, not of parts of such persons; and the oversea dominions, despite their large powers of self-government, are parts of Great Britain. A Power, Mr. Lawrence insists, can no more be neutral in part and belligerent in part than a man can be married in part and single in part. His suggestion is that there should be created some small central body on which should serve the British Prime Minister, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and representatives of the Ministries in the oversea dominions, and that to this council should be delegated the momentous issues of war, peace, and neutrality. With such a council, every war would be an imperial war in reality as well as in name, and consequently no attempt to keep out of it would be made in any of the oversea dominions whose representatives had agreed to it.

Sir John A. Cockburn, who was at one time Agent-General for South Australia in London, and who is now chairman of the Australasian Chamber of Commerce in London, surveyed the problems that confronted the founders of Australian Federation, and reviewed the working of the new constitutional machinery which was set up when the Commonwealth was established. It seems from his statements that the constitution of the Senate is still a matter of discussion in Australia. At the time the Constitution was framed, advanced Liberals were afraid to grant large powers to the Senate for fear that it might come to have a strongly conservative bias, and, like the House of Lords, stand in the way of Liberal legislation. But experience since 1900 has been the reverse of this expectation. The Senate is more democratic than the House of Representatives, and it has usually a larger proportion of labor representation in its membership than the House. Sir John Cockburn is a strong advocate of the policy of the Australian navy squadron; and he believes that the other dominions will eventually follow the example of the Commonwealth and create fleets of their own. Contrary to Canadian experience, during the short time that the Niobe and the Rainbow were in commission, Australia has had no difficulty in recruiting men to serve on the battleship, the three cruisers, and the six destroyers which now constitute the Commonwealth war fleet.

One of the most generally interesting of the lectures is that by Sir Charles Lucas on "The Influence of Science on Empire." Science, Sir Charles is convinced, makes for democracy; and in support of this contention he instances the motor car. Motor cars arouse the democratic instinct, because "every one has to get out of somebody else's way." They probably excite class feelings; but they also quicken the sense of rights and wrongs, and so are a stimulus to democracy. Prof. H. E. Egerton, in his lecture on "The Colonial Reformers of 1830," pays a tribute to Durham, Molesworth, and Wakefield, not only for the success that attended their work for what are now the oversea dominions, but also for the influence for good they had on contemporary British politics. "Whenever colonial reformers touched contemporary politics," Professor Egerton asserted, "there was imparted to them a new meaning, and a new dignity"—a statement that will not be controverted by any student of British politics of the period between Waterloo and the concession of representative and responsible government to the British North American provinces in 1840. The last of the lectures was by Mr. Sidney Low on the problem of an Imperial Executive. Mr. Low pleaded that the loose arrangement at present existing between Great Britain and the oversea dominions could not be final; that it served while the oversea dominions went through the pioneer stage, but that there must soon be created a distinct Imperial Cabinet, and an Imperial Council, formed of delegations from the dominion parliaments, to decide upon a common budget and to control the administration of funds allocated by the dominions for imperial purposes.

POETICS.

Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry. By H. B. Charlton. Manchester, England: University Press. $1.60 net.

The mentality of Lodovico Castelvetro has been the subject of continuous admiration from his own time to the present. There has been less willingness since the time of Vico to credit him with much else. De Sanctis, who read him a half century and more ago, did not reconstitute his personality. From America, in fact, came, in the work of Spingarn, the first definite appreciation of Castelvetro's real distinction. Croce, Cavazzuti, Bertoni, Vivaldi, and Trabalza have taken up successively his case. To-day we may say that his work is present in all essential traits before us. As a commentator on Aristotle's "Poetics," Castelvetro stands out in modern times with Butcher and St. Hilaire. In certain details he sees the real import of Aristotle's ideas more clearly than Aristotle himself; in every respect he has a juster notion of the "Poetics" than all of his contemporaries. In æsthetic theory itself Castelvetro's case seems irretrievable. He never attained to solid fundamental principles; he fluctuates and gropes, showing moments of keen vision and moments of absurdity. Here he is extraordinarily interesting, and that is all, in relation to many specific problems of literary history.

When we pass to philology, on the other hand, the situation is different. It is not enough to recognize him as the greatest of his period; he leads in this department not only his own age, but all before the rise of modern philological science in the nineteenth century. At the base of his method lie the two foundations of phonetics and, in morphology, of analogy. Leaving aside the capricious guesses of his contemporaries in etymology, he lays Vulgar Latin at the basis of Romance studies, and proceeds with a comparative method and with the same categories that are in use to-day.

This, in brief, is what was known of Castelvetro. And with much of this Mr. Charlton is, at the outset, unfamiliar. In biography, this distinguished English critic has not gone beyond Muratori; the philological phase of Castelvetro he overlooks entirely. To be sure, as the title of this volume indicates, the author's principal interest is in the æsthetics, and this one aspect of Castelvetro is treated more comprehensively than in any similar work in English.

The extensive discussion centres attention on certain points only cursorily noted before, as by Spingarn and Croce. If Castelvetro had no notion of the expressive nature of art, he was original in his time in substituting pleasure for didacticism as the function of poetry, and his hedonism has a superficial if not a radical democratic outlook. He was original, too, in seeing the futility of classic imitation in literature; and thus coming back to the insistence on original invention in art, he was at the threshold of real discovery, only to lose himself in the problem of "historicity" and fantasy, of "beautiful" and "ugly," and in details of perceptual formalism.

Mr. Charlton lays great stress on the conception of artistry as the "difficulté vaincue," with which principle he associates all of Castelvetro's rational point of view on art. We would not enter with the English critic into the detailed refutation of this position. The fact is that Castelvetro, like all of his age, and like nine-tenths of our own, considers æsthetics exclusively from the point of view of the audience and never from that of the producer. The question of what is pleasing and how to please is largely a question of social psychology; the mystery will yield only to empirical research. If at this point artistic "technique" enters, very well. We dare say that the rankest perceptualism in art may have a good financial basis, even a good sociological basis. In any case, those are problems not for the æsthetician. It is well to bear this in mind in dealing with the theorists of the Renaissance. Otherwise there is danger of adding futility to a futility already great enough. We are glad to welcome this volume as an indication of a healthy orientation of literary scholarship at Manchester, to which Mr. Charlton has made valuable contributions. We would ask it only to be a trifle more rigid in method.

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STUDIES IN TRUSTS.

Corporate Promotions and Reorganizations. By Arthur S. Dewing. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

Federal lawmakers and all others who are inclined to express definite views on the 'Trust problem" should read this book. Its painstaking examination of the promotion and reorganization of typical consolidations, its scholarly balancing of motives and results, its penetrating analysis of the financial and industrial administration of the individual businesses, and its revelation of the actual causes of failure in each instance, are an invaluable foundation for the construction of a programme of reform. We may love the "Trust" no more after we have read it, but we shall fear it less.

The studies cover such widely diversified industries as leather, glue, starch, glucose, salt, malt, cotton yarn, cordage, asphalt, bicycles, cotton duck, and real estate. They include the aristocratic Westinghouse Company and the disreputable United States Shipbuilding Company. Obviously, they are selected cases, conspicuous because of their magnitude or because they illustrate some special form of failure or reorganization. It is significant of the non-scientific attitude of our law-makers that the author has found governmental publications to be of least value as sources of information. In the matter of official investigations he says: "The examiners seem to have developed the testimony along preconceived lines determined by motives of political expediency." And he has this comment for the Bureau of Corporations: "Because of the prejudices of the men connected with the Bureau, their estimates and judgments have been neither reliable nor permanently significant." After this, however, one has difficulty in accepting the statement that "the most valuable source of information accessible is the memories of the men who have been connected with the growth of our large business enterprises."

The motives leading to consolidation are those with which every one is familiar, the desire to eliminate destructive competition and effect the economies of production on a large scale. It is doubtful whether in his summary of causes the author has given sufficient weight to the incentive of promoter's profits, although the discussion of this feature appears frequently in his pages. Of the thirteen consolidations considered, he finds that at the time of promotion the average percentage of control of the business was 54 per cent. It is his view that the number of combinations which controlled less than 50 per cent. of the American production far exceeded in number those that controlled more than 50 per cent., and that the popular impression of the extent of monopoly is greatly exaggerated. There seems, moreover, to be no correspondence between the extent of market control and the degree of financial success.

It would be impracticable here to trace in detail the disheartening story from the first step in promotion to the last in reorganization. Variety, but little relief, is found, as one goes from business to business. There is over-estimate of future earnings based upon the crumbling foundation of past earnings, and a capitalization in excess of actual tangible property by 60 per cent. on the average. Yet success or failure does not seem to have been dependent upon the width of the gap between securities and assets. The form of capitalization, whether bonds or stock, is far more important. In every promotion the excessive prices paid to the owners of the plants placed serious burdens upon the managements at the start.

These methods of promotion called for the utmost conservatism in management. Yet in many cases the management, having an eye to the immediate advantage of the insiders and with no thought for the ultimate effect upon the financial solvency of the business, was almost criminally reckless. No adequate charges were made to depreciation on plants that demanded restoration. Dividends were frequently paid from earnings that should have been conserved, and in some cases were drawn from capital. The fatal policy of borrowing on short-time notes to meet fixed obligations was the beginning of the end. In many instances directors when examined revealed an astonishing ignorance of the actual condition of the businesses for which they were legally responsible.

But the real causes for the general lack of success are, in the author's opinion, to be found in two fundamental deficiencies: lack of a sufficiently high degree of business ability to manage large consolidations of manufacturing plants, and an inability to overcome actual or potential competition. We have heard much of the wastes of competition. It is somewhat novel to find a discussion of the wastes of consolidation which mainly arise from the inflexibility resulting from the excessive investment in specialized plant. Only when an industry has a monopoly over some essential raw material or some patent or franchise is it secure against competitive attack.

In view of the author's conclusions, that the Trust form of organization contains inherent weaknesses which it is unable to overcome—those arising from lack of personnel and of dominating power in their own fields—we may readily infer what would be his "solution" of the problem. To the controversy now raging as to whether we shall conserve the present consolidations and protect the public through efficient regulation, or whether we shall follow the policy embodied in the Anti-Trust act and compel competition through disintegration of the combinations, the author contributes the following:

> I have been impressed throughout by the powerlessness of mere aggregates of capital to hold monopoly; I have been impressed, too, by the tremendous importance of individual, innate ability, or its lack, in determining the success or failure of any enterprise. With these observations in mind, one may hazard the belief that whatever "Trust problem" exists will work out its own solution. The doom of the inefficient waits on no legislative regulation. It is rather delayed thereby. Restrictive regulation will perpetuate the inefficient corporation, by furnishing an artificial prop to support natural weakness; it will hamper the efficient by impeding the free play of a personal ambition.

AFRICA THE INTRACTABLE.

North Africa and the Desert: Scenes and Moods. By George E. Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Morocco the Bizarre, or Life in Sunset Land. By George Edmund Holt. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

Africa remains the intractable, to the twentieth century as to all ages gone before. "Remember in whose lands you have chosen your abode!" says Sister Anna to Dido in the Æneid. "On the one hand the Getulians, invincible in war, the unbridled Numidians, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on the other the thirsty desert and the Barcæi, raging far and wide." Nor could Rome herself, at the height of her power, keep the bridle successfully on the Numidians. A short generation after the death of Virgil a rebellion broke out which kept thorns in the pillow of Tiberius for some years, and finally Tacitus tells us in his crisp way that "there were now three laurel-decorated statues in Rome, and Tacfarinas the Numidian was still harrying Africa," unmindful of those three tokens of his conclusive defeat. It takes an immense effort of the imagination even to conceive the thought of an Africa whipped into the line of current civilization.

As a factor in literature, the most interesting thing about Africa is the manifold variety of its reactions upon the minds of men who subject themselves to its influence and then attempt to describe it. Mr. Holt, who writes of Morocco the Bizarre, is a business man who has spent some years in Morocco as American Vice-Consul, Deputy Consul-General, Acting Consul-General, and in a number of other official capacities. The point in which Africa has cast its spell upon his imagination most seriously is that of the *jehad*, or holy war, in which the long-brewing hatred of Islam is to burst forth and sweep the Christian nations from the face of the earth once for all.

Of course, there has been the cry of the *jehad* here and the *jehad* there in recent years, and yet the Islamic tempest has always cooled inside the teapot of its origin. Be not lured into a false sense of security, however. Islam stands on the order of its going, and the *jehad* is orthodox only when called by the Sultan of Turkey. Let *him* say the word, and Ali Mohammed, the Moorish acrobat of New York city, will march down Broadway killing every Christian he meets, while four hundred millions of men, women, and children will be doing the same, within the range of their various opportunities. In the mysterious city of Jof, 500 miles across the unknown sands, sits

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Sanussi Ahmed el-Shareef as the recognized sovereign of over fifteen millions of duly initiated members of the Sanussiyah brotherhood, "the Masonic order of Islam, veiled in a secrecy darker than that of the Solomonic fraternity," controlling without argument every Mohammedan in the northern half of the Africa continent, some two hundred millions in number. And Sultans of Turkey, holding in their hands the power to declare the *jehad*, have already gone to Jof to pay their respects to this wielder of "more power than was ever dreamed of by Cæsar or Alexander"! Let the dread omens be favorable to these desert conjurers with Destiny, and—we employ Mr. Holt's *ipsissima verba*—"from the East would come a horde that would crumple Europe like a paper bag, and Islam could cross the Mediterranean on the bodies of the Christian armies driven out of North Africa."

In the meantime you will find in Mr. Holt's pages detailed directions for making a most delightful salad, fitted to drive even the dull care of the coming *jehad* out of your brain. How happy our Hobson school of prophets are in their ability not to take themselves seriously all the time! On the side of facts observed, Mr. Holt offers much to inform and interest the reader, were it not injured in the telling by occasional descent into a cheap newspaper type of expression more often tiresome than humorous.

It needs no demonstration to prove that the Africa seen by Mr. Woodberry differs from that of Mr. Holt far more than would be anticipated from the mere fact that the latter covers Morocco, while the former deals with portions of Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. Mr. Holt calls his territory "Sunset Land," and yet the reader feels a suspicion that the African sunset was to him somewhat like the famous primrose by the river's brim. Mr. Woodberry's temperament and training took him to Africa far better attuned to respond to its harmonies of sky and sea, of desert, oasis, and mountain, as well as to its burden of historical lore and suggestion. If one were asked to provide a fitting mate for this volume on the bookshelf from the ranks of American writers, it would hardly be other than John C. Van Dyke's "The Desert," different as the two books are in many particulars.

There is no space here for the quotations by which one would be glad to attempt to pass to others the charm which the author has caught from his African sojourns and embodied (not buried, let us hope) in his pages. For the work of the French in North Africa he expresses a lively admiration. He sees no ruthless use of brute force in it, moved by lust of conquest, but a humane policy of penetration by pacification, showing due respect for the rights, usages, and prejudices of the natives and finding by patient experiment the line of least resistance for a civilization from which the native shall gain no less than the invader himself. "What strikes the close student of the movement most is not the military advance, but the extraordinary degree to which the military advance itself was impregnated with intelligence, scientific observation, scholarly interest, economic suggestion, engineering ambition, as if these French officers were less men of arms than pioneers of knowledge and public works."

In the innumerable scholarly publications, scientific, economic, and historical, emanating from officers in the French service in Africa during the past fifty years, he finds adequate proof of genuine devotion to a work of civilization, not of selfish conquest. In proportion to the time and numbers involved, can our own officers in the Philippines make as good a defence? Mr. Woodberry admits that the vitalizing connection between this civilization and the native blood is not yet assured. Where French occupancy has been longest there has been a softening of fanatic hatred which is good, a relaxation of native religious practice which is at least questionable, and a corruption of morals and degeneracy of racial vigor indisputably bad. And so one is still left longing for the actual demonstration that a civilizing imperialism can in any one case carry its work through and display the native population as a whole to the world as genuine beneficiaries rather than victims.

THE SPICE ISLANDS.

Java and Her Neighbors. By Arthur S. Walcott. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

In the dim past, according to Wallace, Nature, breaking up a vast Australian or Pacific continent, left Java, Borneo, and Sumatra flowers of the Eastern seas. The close of the thirteenth century found Marco Polo back in Europe, with his imagination fired by the wealth of Cathay. Only in the fifteenth century did the Portuguese, in the Moorish campaign, begin to suspect the sources of the wealth of the Moors in Africa and to project the navy that began to change geography. After India, it was natural that they should gaze farther East, and 1510-12 found Java and the Spice Islands at the horizon of European adventure. It was not till 1595 that the Dutch came to contest the conquest, and, though in turn harassed by the Spanish, French, and English, with characteristic stolidity there they have remained.

Just what causes the student of colonial expansion will ascribe to the failure of the Dutch in Java are uncertain. Confronted by the vagaries of nature—for the islands have never forgotten their volcanic origin—and overcome, first, by the problem of dealing with all the races of the East confined in a small area, and, secondly, by the fatal inertia that assails the Teuton phlegm in the tropics, the Dutch occupation records the failure of the European in the Malay archipelago. The notable exception is Singapore, obtained by the British in 1819, and since developed by British and Chinese industry to its present strategic and commercial importance.

That the tourist is rewarded by including them in his itinerary the author of this book has successfully shown; but it is principally by the romance engendered by Marco Polo, Magellan, Da Gama, and Drake that Java and her neighbors invite attention. A happy hunting ground for the naturalist, as Wallace has testified, these islands may still fulfil a destiny; and, as Mr. Walcott suggests, that destiny will only be realized if, after her awakening, China looses her dragons of industry and patient exploitation. Under the Dutch, thanks to prodigal Nature, Java challenges only fitfully a commercial interest.

While the subject barely enters the province of a book of this nature, yet it is to be desired that an archæological history of the ruins of Central Java may soon be forthcoming. What Fergusson did for India remains to be done for Insulinde, or "Island India," where the temples and remains of successive Buddhist, Hindu, and Mohammedan cultures are falling into decay.

Notes

Paul Elder & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "As If," by Cora Lenore Williams, and "Bamboo," by Lyon Sharman.

The Macmillan Company will publish shortly "The Establishment of State Government in California," by Cardinal Goodwin, and "The Psycho-Pathology of Everyday Life," by Sigmund Freud.

"The Corner-stone of Education: An Essay on the Home Training of Children," by Edward Lyttleton, will be published in the autumn by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Century Company announces for publication in the autumn the "Complete Poems" of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Ten years ago, the *Nation* characterized Prof. James Albert Woodburn's "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States" (Putnam; $2.50 net), as "a useful, though not a great, contribution to the literature of American politics." The same description may be applied to the revised edition that has now appeared. We also noted that the table of contents gave no hint of the three parts into which the work fell. That omission is now supplied. The new matter, running to 170 pages, is mainly found in the first part, An Historical Sketch of American Political Parties, and the last, Ethical Problems in Current Politics, the middle part, American Party Machinery and How It Works, covering little more space in the present edition than in the original. It is to be noted, however, that the characteristic political developments of the last decade, such as direct primaries, and the initiative, referendum, and recall, are considered in the third part of the book. Logically, the subject of direct primaries seems to belong with that of party machinery, while direct legislation is concerned rather with government than with parties. The chief merit of

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the new edition is its careful attention to the political history that has been made since 1903, although it is rather surprising to find no mention of Parker's famous "gold telegram" among the instances of disagreement between a candidate and his platform. The episode of the Panama tolls exemption plank, in the last Democratic platform, and its virtual repudiation by the Administration is probably too recent for inclusion. The book would gain by condensation, and especially by the correction of a tendency to fervency, as well as by the omission of a crisp dismissal of a fundamental matter in the sentence: "There is no reason why a judge's opinion of our constitutional rights and powers should be meekly submitted to by everybody else."

A book of another sort on politics and government is Prof. Charles A. and Mary Ritter Beard's "American Citizenship" (Macmillan, $1 net). The authors' excuse for adding it to the large number of its rivals is that it attempts to be both formal and "sociological," in contrast with the one-sidedness of most other texts. Their utilization of both kinds of material may be realized by reference to the list of illustrations, which include A Little Mother, An Event in the Lawrence Strike of 1913, and President Wilson Reading His Message to Congress. The book has three parts, entitled Human Needs and the Government, The Machinery of Government, and The Work of Government. The specific purpose of the volume is given as furnishing an invitation to teachers to introduce the subject in the first instead of the last term of the high school, and to devote to it more attention than it now receives. The book is adapted to use by teachers by various devices, such as topical analyses, lists of questions, and references for additional reading for each chapter.

The initial volume of the American College and University Series (Oxford University Press; $1.50 net), under the general editorship of Prof. George Philip Krapp, of Columbia, has to do with the institution on Morningside Heights. It is written by Dean Keppel. The book makes no pretension to originality of investigation, and frankly takes the standpoint of an observer from within. This spirit of partisanship, however, is not allowed to control the author's judgment to the extent of making him praise everything that has ever happened at Columbia. The story might have been told without comment, but this volume takes up even so delicate a matter as the recent animated discussion on the organization of Columbia. On the whole, this personal element adds interest to the tale, without impairing its veracity. The book is less a history than a compendium. It would be hard to think of any important topic that is not included in it, from endowment to the Early Eighties, and these topics are not merely named to be dismissed with a perfunctory word, but are handled with unflagging interest, however concisely. The tale of development never loses itself in statistics. Only the first chapter and the one next to the last are chronological rather than topical; the first traces the story from the beginning to the death of Barnard; the other, entitled An Academic Year, follows the round of events from the opening of the Summer School to commencement. One is left with the impression that Columbia has come up through great tribulation, but that it has arrived, and knows it. The book is an index to this progress.

Gladys E. Locke's "Queen Elizabeth" (Boston: Sherman French; $1.35 net) will prove an excellent antidote to those writers who tend to minimize the personal side of the great Queen's reign, and restrict their researches to such topics as the development of conciliar government, the progress of parliamentary privilege, and the beginnings of fen-drainage. It is a collection of historical anecdotes, rather than a biography; but the stories are well selected and well arranged, accurately told, and for the most part founded on trustworthy sources of information. There is no parade of learning, footnote, or bibliography; but a careful examination of the text will show that the author knows her subject. Elizabeth's "political flirtations" naturally occupy the centre of the stage; there are excellent chapters which deal with her visits to Oxford, with the insubordination and condemnation of Essex, and with the long delays over the signing of the warrant for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. On the other hand, such sentences as "The country was governed wholly by the Queen, with the advice of her Ministers, and Parliament had purely legislative powers" (p. 272), indicate that there are many phases of Queen Elizabeth's reign of which the author has no conception at all. It is, however, unfair to judge this book by its few excursions into fields of which the author does not pretend to be cognizant. Those who read it for what its sub-title ("Various Scenes and Events in the Life of Her Majesty") implies will be amply repaid for their pains.

Students of Canadian economic history will welcome Mr. Gustavus Myers's "History of Canadian Wealth" (Chicago: Kerr; Vol. I) as an excellent survey of the growth and distribution of wealth in the Dominion, the more so as the literature of the subject is somewhat meagre. It will surprise even well-informed readers to learn that "it is estimated less than fifty men control $4,000,000,000, or more than one-third of Canada's material wealth as expressed in railways, banks, factories, mines, land, and other properties and resources." In this first volume of his history the author traces the influences, legitimate and otherwise, which have tended to concentrate the wealth of the country in the hands of a small group of capitalists. He discusses in a clear and interesting way the development of the fur trade, both under the French régime and after the conquest, and traces the vital connection between the great fortunes amassed in fur trading—the earliest phase of Canadian wealth—and the subsequent investments in railway enterprises, land companies, banks, mines, and factories. A series of chapters are devoted to the inception, development, and concentration of railways, and the influence of the enormous land and money subsidies granted by the Federal and Provincial Governments from time to time. The history of the growth and centralization of Canadian banks and industrial concerns is reserved for the second volume, not yet published. It is interesting to note that, apart from the consideration of native Canadian capital invested in Canadian enterprises, approximately $2,000,000,000 of British capital has been placed in the Dominion, as well as about $140,000,000 from various Continental countries, and $500,000,000 from the United States.

Emile Faguet's *précis* of the literatures of the world, a companion volume to his survey of philosophy, has been rendered into English by Sir Home Gordon ("Initiation into Literature"; Putnam; $1.25 net). It is a work which does neither the Academician nor his translator credit. M. Faguet tells us in his preface that the summary outline is "designed to show the way to the beginner, to satisfy and excite his initial curiosity." Its obvious difficulty from this point of view is in using critical terms beyond the beginner's comprehension. As a reference handbook, moreover, it is ill-proportioned, inaccurate, and full of debatable judgments. In spite of the fact that special additions were obtained for the English version, French literature receives unconscionable space—twice as much as Greek. The reader wonders why to Waller alone should be allotted as much attention as to Bacon, Sidney, Lyly, and Burton together; why Habington should be mentioned, but Smollett and Arnold omitted; why Brunetière should have more space than Shakespeare—who is called a possible collaborator of Bacon's! Wieland is scarcely the Voltaire of Germany, as M. Faguet thinks, nor is it just to dismiss Thackeray with the single phrase, "supreme railer and satirist." Withal, the topical form of the book permits no attention to the march of ideas or the growth of literary forms. Frequent typographical errors bear out the general impression of carelessness.

More fitly might "an epigrammatic history of philosophy" describe Emile Faguet's "Initiation into Philosophy," which has been translated by Sir Home Gordon (Putnam; $1.25 net). Like so many French writers, both in philosophy and in literature, M. Faguet is too transparently clear to be always quite convincing. That Plato was a kind of rhapsodist, who, from motives animistic, translated the Greek gods into ideas; that Aristotle was predominantly a rather prosy man of learning; that the Epicureans were, first of all, lovers of wisdom; that Cartesianism was founded upon a belief in God; that Berkeley was a high and dry idealist, and that Kant reconstructed all philosophy by basing it upon morality—these are statements which few students of philosophy would care to make without at least an explanatory foot-note. As summary characterizations they are misleading, and the layman who adopts M. Faguet's "Initiation" as a "frame" is likely to be in difficulty when he tries to mount the picture, though the book may conceivably "excite his curiosity." The fact is that a detailed historical initiation into philosophy cannot very well be compressed into two hours' reading.

With the publication of its "Narratives of the Indian Wars, 1675-1699," edited by Dr. C. H. Lincoln, the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribner; $3 net) has attained the dignity of fourteen volumes, in itself a veritable library of early American history. At least four more volumes are to appear; on the witchcraft persecutions, the insurrections of 1688, the early Northwest, and the early Southwest, bringing the number to eighteen. Further plans have not been announced. The present volume deals exclusively with the Indian wars in New England, a limitation in the subject-matter that might well have been noted on the title page, and covers in largest part that general Indian rising of 1675 and 1676, which is known as

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King Philip's War, but which involved a number of outlying outbreaks with which Philip had nothing to do. The last number in the volume and the longest narrative is Cotton Mather's "Decennium Luctuosum," or Sorrowful Decade, which was first issued in 1699, and in 1702 incorporated as a second edition in an appendix to the "Magnalia." This famous text, as is well known, covers the years from 1686 to 1699, and concerns the long-drawn-out and sanguinary struggle which the New England settlers carried on with the Abenake tribes in the territory of the present State of Maine. This conflict, here narrated in Mather's inflated and intricate style, lasted with but few breathing spells from the beginnings under Sir Edmund Andros in 1688 to the final settlement, made not in America, but in Europe, the peace of Ryswick, when Frontenac informed the Abenake that France would withdraw from the struggle. The most graphic of the narratives is that in which Mrs. Rowlandson describes the experiences of her captivity after the assault on the town of Lancaster in 1676. Her tale of suffering through several months is a thrilling one, and Dr. Lincoln has made it possible to follow the wanderings of the Indians and their captives by including a map of the several removes from Lancaster, Mass., to Chesterfield, N. H., and return, taken from an earlier edition of the narrative. For the purposes of this work, we think that most of Mather's irrelevant and uninteresting digressions might have been omitted, and we are a little surprised that the editor has not seen fit to mention anywhere in his notes Sylvester's "Indian Wars of New England," a history of many faults but of some unmistakable merits.

Mr. John Pyne's rendering of selections from the Divine Comedy in "An English Dante" (New York: Boni; $1 net) in what purports to be "the original rhythm and rhymes" raises the question as to whether the Italian *verso piano* is at all adapted to long poems in English. It is our impression that the English feminine verse tends to be slow in movement, and that it is at its best in a very narrow range of moods. Its limitations become apparent when we observe that, in spite of Mr. Pyne's ingenuity, out of 221 lines from the Comedy, 129 end in *-ing* and a large portion of the remainder in *-ed* or *-er*. The net result is that the supple and vigorous *terza rima* of Dante takes on the monotony of a mediæval French *laisse*. Doubtless, some success might be obtained for the whole poem in using Dante's rhyme scheme, but that the imitation should not be pushed to the extent of taking over the *verso piano* is evident from the translation of the Francesca episode by Mr. Pyne, which borders closely on absurdity. Why attempt to follow "the original rhythm and rhyme"? Rhyme and metre are the superficial elements in verse. It is quite possible, as Mr. Pyne illustrates, to keep these questions so carefully in mind as to miss the more vital problems of thought and feeling.

"Modern Cities," by Horatio M. Pollock and William S. Morgan (Funk & Wagnalls; $1.50 net), is a collection of facts regarding the "progress of the awakening for their betterment here and in Europe." The inferences that the authors draw from these facts are apt to be either superficial or doubtful. One is not convinced that there was a close connection between the mismanagement of English cities before the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 and our own civic corruption, although an appendix of thirty pages is given to the details of the misgovernment of the English cities. The book is written with better balance than some works on city planning, since it insists that efficiency as well as beauty must be considered in any such plans. More authoritative and detailed, although not technical, is Frank Koester's handsome and handsomely illustrated volume, "Modern City Planning and Maintenance" (McBride, Nast; $6 net). Mr. Koester speaks as the expert, whether dealing with that commonplace of discussion upon city planning, the civic centre, or such matters as arterial highways, harbors and bridges, traffic regulations, or instruments of civic culture. The extent and the tendency of the city-planning movement in this country are indicated by the description or the pictorial representation of important features of fifty American cities. Like all writing on the subject, the book points to Germany as the model. That it is possible to overpraise even German cities was shown by a German city planner, Dr. Werner Hegemann, in an article in a recent number of *Landscape Architecture*.

It is hard to see why there should be a scarcity of good short stories. Certainly it is not because of a lack of books to tell how they are written. The latest of these is "The Art of the Short Story" (Scribner; $1.25 net), by Carl H. Grabo. Mr. Grabo, who is an instructor in English in the University of Chicago, goes into his subject with thoroughness, analyzes the best short stories, and presents you with his conclusions well fortified by arguments. How much anybody who yearns to write short stories can learn from the book is a problem. The author says some pretty obvious things in a serious fashion—as when he declares: "The writer upon the supernatural does not set his story in the middle of Broadway on a sunny afternoon. He seeks mysterious houses, lonely situations, night-time, and other appropriate circumstances." Nevertheless, "The Art of the Short Story" is an interesting book to any one who has ever experimented with that literary form. And does not that include nearly all of us?

Attractive both as a title for a book and as a plan of travel is "Unvisited Places of Old Europe" (Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company; $2.50 net). The author, Robert Shackleton, tells how the inspiration came to him when he was greeted by the hostess of the inn at Liechtenstein with the words, "You are the first American to enter this principality." To find himself the original transatlantic discoverer of a free and independent principality, tucked in between Switzerland and Austria, and one which has enjoyed its present polity for two centuries, so kindled Mr. Shackleton's enthusiasm that then and there he resolved to wander over Europe looking for fresh worlds to conquer. He has not always been a pioneer; indeed, in most cases his discoveries have probably been anticipated by the ubiquitous Mr. Cook, but he has wandered into nooks of the old world that are not commonly visited by the casual tourist from this country, and he possesses the gifts of sympathetic appreciation and of picturesque description. The Scilly Islands are less unknown than Mr. Shackleton seems to assume, but the minor perils of the deep, which, in the stretch of water that separates Scilly from Land's End, are apt to be particularly distressing, undoubtedly act as a check on tourist curiosity, and the pleasant style of the opening chapter devoted to this tropical corner of England is ample justification for its inclusion. If the triumph of the discovery of Liechtenstein was never quite repeated, its inspiration at least served to take Mr. Shackleton through some interesting byways of Europe, and the tale of his travels is pleasantly told. If the author cares at any time to embark on another European expedition, he will be able to find many more places as unexplored as those he has described, and we shall wish him well of his undertaking and enjoy the subsequent account of his discoveries.

It is the fashion in these days to refer rather contemptuously to the writings of Samuel Smiles, which had such a large circulation a few generations ago. Allusions to his "bourgeois doctrines of success" have at last brought a protest from a grandson of his, in a letter to the London *Times*. Three of his books, it is pointed out, dealt entirely with the lives of men who were very poor in this world's goods—Jasmin, the barber poet; Robert Dick, the baker geologist, and Edwards, the cobbler naturalist. The titles of "Duty" and "Character" speak for themselves as to the author's ideals, "and every self-made man of whom he wrote," says the grandson, "did something, apart from the mere amassing of money, to better the world."

Mr. R. Sutherland Rattray's "Hausa Folklore, Customs, Proverbs, &c." (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 30s. net) has several features of special interest. His long residence in West Africa, some time as Assistant District Commissioner, his acquaintance with the Hausa language (he is a qualified interpreter), and his study of social anthropology at Oxford gave him a special fitness for the task of editing Hausa writings. He was fortunate enough also to obtain the services of a learned Hausa (a *malam*), who knew Arabic as well as his own language, and had collected hundreds of sheets of manuscripts written in Arabic; some of these the *malam* translated into Hausa, adding material from his own knowledge of his people. We thus have a genuine Hausa document, written in the dialect of Kano or Sokoto, which is held to be the purest, and untouched by outside ideas; the text is transliterated and translated into English by the editor.

The stories appear to rest on a fund of old animal-tales, whose characteristics are in general identical with those found elsewhere in savage Africa and in North America; there is much coarseness (reflecting current customs); the animals speak and act like human beings, the central figure being often one of small size (the spider, for example), who outwits the hyena, the leopard, and the lion. The customs of marriage, circumcision, burial, and trading are described at length, these belonging to the later settled life. Art is represented by metal casts, skilfully done. Traditions relating to the origin of the people are, naturally, of small historical value. The manuscript edited by Rattray has linguistic importance. The editor calls attention to its clearness and its minute correctness. He is able, by its testimony, to establish the existence of the definite article and other grammatical forms hitherto declared non-existent, and certain idioms hitherto unknown. He properly insists on the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the

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Hausa writing for any advanced study of the language. And for various reasons, study of the Hausa people (who have long been Mohammedans) should commend itself to persons interested in Central African, particularly Sudanese, life. The editor has added notes explanatory of words and customs, and Mr. Marett, his teacher in Oxford, has contributed a commendatory preface. Mention must also be made of the beauty of the Arabic characters (which are provided with the necessary Hausa diacritical points) and the general excellence of the printing. The two volumes furnish rich material for future investigations.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The office of Public Trustee was instituted as recently as 1908, but the demand for that official's services has been so great that he already controls more capital than any other single person in the United Kingdom. His investments exceed $205,000,000. He is probably the biggest railway shareholder in England, for his holdings in home railways amount to more than $40,000,000. Yet the Public Trustee himself is directly responsible to no Minister in either House of Parliament, and those of his staff, receiving over $250,000 a year in salaries, are not members of the civil service. The fact is that, when the office was established, no one suspected that it would ever be more than a comparatively unimportant bureau. In view of the responsibilities and powers that are now seen to be involved, a demand is being made for the reconstitution of the Public Trusteeship as a recognized branch of the civil service under the supervision of an official board.

The international congress of the Salvation Army just held in London brought out many evidences of the approval with which its work is now regarded by the British public. Its parade through the streets of the West End to Hyde Park was greeted with so enthusiastic a welcome that it became nothing less than a triumphal procession. Note has been taken of the fact that, although the *Times* persists in its custom of referring to the head of the organization as "General" Booth, the official *Court Circular*, in recording his audience with the King, gave him his military title without inverted commas.

The force of habit is illustrated by the announcement that T. P. O'Connor, M.P., has ceased his connection with *T.P.'s Weekly*, and will be starting a new paper in October. The change has no serious meaning. It is only one of T.P.'s little ways. He has successively founded the *Star*, the *Sun*, the *Weekly Sun*, *M.A.P.*, and *P.T.O.*, and in each case has got rid of his bantling before it was out of its teens. It is really not as an editor, but as a popular writer that he excels. His style, though hurried and slovenly, is exceptionally picturesque and vivid. He has made descriptive reporting almost a fine art, and he has applied this gift successfully to book reviewing, usually making his notices much more "readable" than the books themselves. He has gained in England a large following of readers, who devour with avidity everything that is signed "T.P."

The Welsh National Library, now in course of erection on the crest of a hill overlooking Aberystwyth, is arousing as much enthusiasm throughout the Principality as the earlier movement to provide Wales with a University. In the mining valleys the colliers are setting apart small sums from their weekly wages, as contributions to the Library funds. Quarrymen, agricultural laborers, and working masons are apologetically sending in half-crowns by postal order, with regrets that they are not able to afford more. Gifts of treasured volumes are also arriving from humble homes. By the inclusion of Wales within the Copyright act, the new Library will share with the British Museum and a few other collections the right to claim a copy of every new book henceforth published in the British Isles. It has already acquired several sectional libraries of unique value to students of Welsh history and antiquities.

In Holland plans are under discussion for a wireless connection between the motherland and its East Indian colonies. Up to now the Dutch, in their telegraphic communication with Java and the other islands of the Malay archipelago, have been dependent mainly on the English submarine cable via the Cocos or Keeling Islands. For reasons both of independence and of economy, a national wireless service would recommend itself to the Dutch. Professor Van der Bilt, of the Polytechnic University of Delft, who is its chief advocate, predicts a decrease of the tariff by thirty per cent., if a radio-telegraphic connection with Java were established. The intermediate stations suggested by Professor Van der Bilt are Tripoli, Eritrea, and Ceylon. The plan is not unlikely to be realized in the near future.

The same cannot be said of the scheme brought forward by another Dutchman, Mr. Heringa, who, in a book, entitled "Electrisch Wereldverkeer" (Electric World Commerce), advocates the institution of an International Telegraph Board, which should be independent of any separate Government, and the neutrality of which would have to be secured by international agreement. The principal advantage of an institution of this kind would be the guarantee of an undisturbed telegraphic service in time of war, as every line and cable would be considered the property of a neutral body, with whose interest that of each individual Government would be bound up. As an example of how the international board would have to be organized, Mr. Heringa quotes the institution of the International Danube Committee, by the treaty of Paris of 1856, whose task consisted in regulating the free traffic to and from the mouth of the Danube, and in seeing that the sanitary regulations were strictly observed. Mr. Heringa's book deserves the attention of all who take an interest in international legislation and affords an interesting subject of discussion for future peace conferences to be held in the New Peace Palace at The Hague.

The Dutch are beginning to show an unusual interest in the home life of their great men of the past. They have restored Rembrandt's house in Amsterdam to its supposed original state; they have done the same with the humble dwelling of Spinoza in the little village of Rijnsburg, near Leiden, where almost the entire library which the philosopher is known to have possessed can now be consulted, and there is every chance that soon another house, rich in literary associations, will be added to the number of historical homes. This is the country-house Hofwijk, at Voorburg, near The Hague, which the poet Constantijn Huygens, private secretary of three consecutive princes of Orange, had erected, about the middle of the seventeenth century, as a quiet retreat from state affairs. He was a man of great gifts, poet, dramatist, musician, and statesman. His skill in versification he showed as a translator of John Donne, whose quaint mode of expression he successfully imitated. By the inhabitants of The Hague he is, perhaps, best remembered as the man to whose initiative they owe the laying of that famous avenue which connects their town with the neighboring Scheveningen. But the name of his family was carried far and wide beyond the frontiers of his country by his great son Christiaan, the contemporary and correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton, whose equal he was in the knowledge of physical science. The memory of father and son could not be honored in a more suitable manner than by turning the old country-house, where they both so often stayed, into a place of pilgrimage for Dutchman and foreigner. The house is offered for sale, and a committee has been constituted for the collection of the necessary funds.

Science

THEORIES OF MATING.

The Courtship of Animals. By W. P. Pycraft. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

In a volume of three hundred pages Mr. Pycraft has given us an excellent account of his subject. In an introductory chapter he briefly discusses the nature of life, emotions, the beginning of sex, secondary sexual characters, and "hormones." He then considers actual courtship in the animal kingdom, beginning with primitive man and the higher apes, and descending through the scale of life from deer and lions to whales and then to birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and spiders. In addition to this general treatment of the subject are two chapters of especial interest on account of their semi-philosophical point of view, The Sexual Selection Theory as Applied to Birds and Parthenogenesis and its Sequel. While the facts of courtship are narrated in an interesting way, their collated origin is apparent throughout, the freshness of first-hand observation being lamentably absent, as in the author's previous volume on the "Infancy of Animals."

Little comment is necessary on the introduction. The dramatic demand for widespread sexual knowledge is as unnecessary in a volume of this kind as it is weakly argued. As a résumé the account is good. The views of Darwin, Wallace, Weismann, and Lloyd Morgan are clearly set forth with brief discussion, in language adapted to the layman. Full credit is rightly given to Mr. Howard for his recent study of the courtship and other phases of the life of British Warblers; indeed, Mr. Pycraft has dedicated his book to this trained observer.

One of the most radical assertions of the author is a refutation of the commonly accepted theory that the courtship of animals

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in general indicates a desire for offspring. "Amorousness, a word with a deep meaning, was, and is, the underlying factor which shaped, and is sustaining, human society; and is no less powerful among the beasts that perish. The motive force in this has not been the desire for offspring, but for the satisfaction of the elemental animal passion, the gratification of the purely sexual emotions which at their height are irresistible." Mr. Pycraft is correct in this statement, but merely shifts the problem to other ground. For though in many mammals and birds the early desertion by the male and a return to solitary life merits the above assertion, yet in the vast majority the care of the female and later of the young throughout their period of helplessness demands recognition either of altruism or of tropisms of very different calibre from the earlier impelling force. This new point of view is, however, one of the most significant which the volume offers, and is worthy of much more detailed discussion than is accorded it.

A considerable amount of space is properly devoted to birds, from the intricate visual and audible display of the peacock to the simple efforts of plain little warblers. Throughout the volume we are impressed with our ignorance of the whys and wherefores of courtship. After consideration of the marvels of plumage of the male birds of paradise, the author rejects environment and sexual selection as explanations. His creed is summed up in a single paragraph:

> The ornamental crests and frills, and the vivid hues which so many birds display, have not arisen, as is generally supposed, as a direct result of the selection, by the females, of the most vividly colored, or ornamented, from among a number of suitors presenting varying degrees of intensity in ornamentation. Such "frills and furbelows" are to be regarded as "expression points" of internal variations in the germ-plasm, which have been free to develop along their own lines because they have not proved in disharmony with the conditions of the birds' environment. Their development is to be traced to the stimulating action of the "hormones" which control both pigmentation and structure, as is shown by the fact that both are modified by any interference with the glands in question. Such ornamental features then are the concomitants, not the results, of sexual selection.

The author very reasonably explains "hen-feathered males" as a despecialization of the masculine plumage, a reversion not to the female type, but to that of the juvenile male. This leaves "cock-feathered hens" as great a mystery as ever.

Mr. Pycraft's book is an admirable review of the general facts of courtship, and although his constant reliance on "hormones" or gland secretions for the explanation of phenomena merely begs the question, yet his correlated dismissal of the theory of æsthetic selection is a welcome advance. The treatment is as thorough and convincing as could be expected from a museum scientist. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

Drama

FRENCH DRAMA EXTRAORDINARY.

"L'OTAGE" OF PAUL CLAUDEL—A MINGLING OF LITANIES AND MELODRAMA—FRANCIS JAMMES.

PARIS, June 16.

It means something in Paris that the director of the State Theatre of the Odéon should take over a piece from one of the "little theatres," even to end his season. This is what M. Paul Gavault, himself one of the year's successful playwrights and the successor of novelty-hunting Antoine, has done with 'L'Otage" of Paul Claudel. A whole generation ago Ibsen and Maeterlinck were introduced to Paris on similar small stages, which have their chosen public ready for any experiment. Neither has lasted in the great theatres to which they migrated for the general public, not even Maeterlinck—for the lights and decorations of the "Blue Bird" and Debussy's music set to "Pelléas et Mélisande" belong to other arts than the drama. It is likely to be the same with Paul Claudel, for the deep impression he has made belongs in large part to something that is not drama—and yet he shows dramatic qualities more than enough for the ordinary play. Meantime, an articulate part of Young France attributes to him nothing short of a mission for the moment and the environment and the race.

Robert de Flers, who is the most successful playwright of ordinary French drama, both for home and foreign consumption, says:

> "The Hostage" threw me into a great state of amazement and melancholy. A few rare flashes, very vague and fleeting, and we soon fell back into frantic lyric talk of terribly over-excited personages. . . . (Yet Paul Claudel) has the vehement and exclusive admiration of the greater part of our young *littérateurs*.

Léon Blum, a reputed critic, adds, with the approval of M. de Flers:

> The piece has only six scenes, two for an act. But amid these ample dialogues the system of ideas symbolized by each one of the heroes extends its front in regular and magnificent array. The drama advances like a religious procession, alternating words and responses as in a liturgical chant. It is written in language entirely original, at once rustic and subtle, archaic and innovating. From truculence as of Rabelais the tone passes to a sort of sacred emotion. In character work as in the invention of imagery, turn by turn we feel lyric ideality and strong reality, with a stout tether to earth. He that conciliates within himself such contradictions is at any rate a true artist.

After this, we are not surprised to hear from J. Ernest-Charles, who, being of the preceding generation, should be an antipode of Paul Claudel:

> To speak clearly, these works seem to me better made for reading than for representation. . . . I am very sure that "The Hostage," turbid though it be at moments, is a very vast work, and a very eloquent tragedy. There is hardly another wherein the heroes live an intenser extraordinary life.

It is needful to bolster with like authorities any account of a work whose author is unknown to English readers, who lives in Germany and has a native Paris following, and whose complete works are already issuing from the press. This is the first general attention called to him as a playwright, though his "Annunciation to Mary" was given a year ago and "The Exchange" at the beginning of this season—always in these initiating little theatres of Paris. His art is, indeed, sorely puzzling at first acquaintance to foreigners not hitherto observant of this movement of a distinguished number of French intellects and hearts.

It is the everlasting return of race to its heredity after strain of revolution. Whether the movement will remain for the most part literary and artistic and limited to few, like that of Ruskin and Rossetti, or will go on to religious practice, as with those who followed Newman, time must shortly tell. Melchior de Vogüé's "new spirit," which he brought in with Tolstoy, and Paul Desjardins's "moral union" endured only for a political party's dream of "appeasement." This new "reaction" is far more thorough than either sentimentally; and, although it speaks from the stage of little theatres and in books of small sale, and not from an Oxford University church, like Newman, it is chief among that talk of faith by the new generation which, in his own words, sets Anatole France's teeth on edge.

There can be no doubt of the great beauty and emotion piercing through this new play of Paul Claudel. Even Robert de Flers, who speaks from Babylon, cheerfully confesses his feeling that "the thought is always very beautiful and very high, and able to find expression that sends its rays into our minds."

Napoleon is nearing his first fall and has ordered that the Pope—his "Hostage"—shall be sent to a safe fortress. Georges de Coûfontaine gets possession of the order and of the Pope, whom he intends spiriting away to England for the benefit of his Bourbon king in exile. The Pope, whose soul is above emperors and kings, refuses to go anywhere except to his own place, which is Rome. And here enters the play's representative of the New France in soul and honor and all the rest—Baron Turelure. He is Napoleon's Imperial Prefect, and he has guessed the secret presence of the Pope in the château of Coûfontaine, which has been bought back and restored since the destruction of the Revolution by Sygne, who is Georges's cousin and the piece's heroine. She represents Old France and Christian tradition; and, unless she takes Turelure for her husband, he will seize the "hostage"—the Pope she is hiding.

Sygne revolts in every fibre of her being. Then enters a somewhat uncertain Christ in the person of the simple priest of her parish. The critics, who very certainly are

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not authorities in casuistry, find the scene and its dialogue, which is all but a liturgy of the coming sacrifice, "most magnificently Christian."

Sygne becomes Baroness Turelure, and the Pope gets away to Rome. The Allies appear before Paris, and Turelure blithely lets it be known that he will betray Napoleon, for whom he holds Paris in charge—on conditions. The Bourbons' envoy is Georges de Coûfontaine, and the negotiation is not easy—for Turelure holds out for this much of Revolution, whose son he is. The restored King must be a constitutional and not an absolute monarch, as the tradition of Old France would have it. There is another condition in which Sygne has to do the negotiating.

It should be said that Georges has lost his children, and his wife has left him. He expresses all that his cousin is to him:

> Oh! from head to foot you are a Coûfontaine and I can talk with you; and there is no feature or manner in you which I do not understand. And you have only to turn your head and there are as many images of ourselves in you as once there were portraits in the gallery of our château.

Turelure's final condition is hard. Georges must not only make the sacrifice of his principle loyal to an absolute king; he must transfer the name of Coûfontaine and all it means to the baby Turelure. Has not Sygne sacrificed her love and happiness? It is his turn.

In ultimate revolt, Georges draws his pistol against the aggressor of his King and of his own flesh and blood; but Turelure is too quick and kills him with a ball that finishes Sygne as well. As she lies dying, Turelure, who is after all her husband, pleads for pardon—but she will not even see the priest, lest he insist that as a Christian she must forgive.

This mingling of litanies and melodrama forms a more truly dramatic piece than the more poetic "Brebis égarée" of Francis Jammes. He, too, is a leader of the new movement, and he also lives far from the madding crowd of Paris in his native town among the Pyrenees. His "prologue or Gospel paraphrase" is the dialogue of a parable to frame and sustain a drama of unhistoric lives in our every-day world. It is verse which Rossetti might have signed, archaic like stained glass and easy of understanding. The "Lost Sheep" and the "Unfaithful Wife" alternate in it for more couplets than can be given here:

. . . . . .
—There was a sheep wandering far from Paradise.
—And a poor wife with evil in her soul.
—The sheep strayed and was lost in the valley.
—And the wife went to the sunshine of Spain.
. . . . . .
—The sheep left shepherd and dog and lamb.
—And the wife left her husband and her babes.
—And to emptiness the lamb held up its mouth.
—She came not when, in the night, the children asked for their Mother.
—Alas! alas! nothing to do when one wills to stray.
—How hard you make your heart! How you tame your sorrow!
—The mountain smelled of flowers and the brook of curds and milk.
—And Spain had the warm fragrance of love.
. . . . . .
—The poor robe God gave me was soon spotted with mud.
—And my cheek wrinkled and then changed its color.
—I saw I soiled the snow I trod.
—I saw pity in my lover's eyes.
. . . . . .
—I dreamed of my lamb and the dog and shepherd.
—And I of my children, I away, putting their light out alone.
—I thought of the tooth my lamb shows in sleep.
—O sovereign wretchedness of one a lover and a mother.
—O desire for home of the straying sheep!
—I was in the depths of Spain, but God crosses mountains.
(The Wife):
—The good God came and His feet were bare.
—In His hands the flower bled, which I had not found.
—In His feet—and calling me—was my children's mouth.
. . . . . .
—He has let my hair fall about his pierced feet.
—Lead back to the shepherd's fold the sheep sore wounded.
—Bring back to her husband one that trembles and faints.
—But there were butchers saying—It must be killed.
—And women Pharisees were saying—She's but a dog!
—Then the Lord entered the shepherd's heart.
—Then Jesus Christ entered the husband's heart.
—And He said to butchers—I have come to seek it.
—And He said to evil ones—I have come to save her.
—And he said to butchers—Which of you has never fallen?
—And he said to evil ones—Which of you has never sinned?
. . . . . .
—Come back to the fold, never to stray again!
—Come back to the sorrowing home, to light its fire again!

The Wife, in twenty-seven more of these unusual couplets, tells the Gospel lesson of the very literal prose play that is now to be acted to the new "generation at the horizon."

—Over and over you must say—Spite of mock and laughter—
—You will not be happy, living far from God!

S. D.

Two more volumes, "The Misanthrope" and "The Miser," have been added to the translation of Molière which Putnams are publishing for Prof. Curtis H. Page ($1 net). The former is in blank verse; the latter, following the original, is in prose. In both the style is spirited and competent. In his brief introductory note to "The Miser" Professor Page well remarks that Molière is here "superior to his predecessors and to his followers by the overflowing power of his comic spirit. This is sometimes hardly appreciated in the reading of the play, but it always comes out with dominating force on the stage. Scenes like that of the memorandum, or 'without a dowry,' never fail of their effect; nor do those between father and son, or that of the lost strong-box, where comedy that is almost farce still seems only a step removed from tragedy." That is sound criticism, and suited to its place.

The works of the renowned Rabindranath Tagore are coming out with almost bewildering rapidity, the last to appear being a drama of mixed sentiment and humor named "The Post Office" (Macmillan; $1 net). The hero, a little adopted boy, is ill, dying in fact, and the doctor has ordered that he shall not be permitted to go out of doors or breathe the fresh air of nature. Various people pass his window, whom he questions in naïve wonder about the great outer world. One of them, the Watchman, tells him that the building opposite is the Post Office, and that through it the King sends little letters to children. Hence the name of the play; and hence the dénouement is easily guessed. Through an enemy the King hears of this gossip, and sends his court physicians to the boy—but the healing is death. The scenes have something of that affected simplicity which passes with so many people to-day for profundity, but they are very slight and will scarcely add to the author's reputation.

Music

One of the novelties to be heard in London this year is "The Golden Cock," the last opera of Rimsky-Korsakoff, which he did not live to complete.

Mascagni and Leoncavallo owed the success of their two popular operas largely to the fact that they came at the psychological moment as a sort of protest against the excessive length of the operas of Meyerbeer and Wagner. A few German composers profited by the lesson. The latest of them is Felix Weingartner. His "Kain und Abel" is the condensation of a three-act opera into a one-act opera. His mind was busy with the subject for a quarter of a century, and the libretto is as much his own as the music. The first performance, under the composer's direction, lasted only an hour and a half. After it he conducted his third symphony, which was of course, a huge mistake. The climax of the opera suggests "Die Walküre," and altogether Dr. Leopold Schmitt, of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, found this work conceived even more in the Wagnerian style than the operas of Humperdinck. Nevertheless, owing to its subject, "Kain und Abel" has turned out a dramatic cantata rather than a real opera.

Richard Wagner died a few months after the first performances of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth in 1882, and there is reason to think that the end was hastened by his exertions connected with the staging and rehearsing of the work, which, for a man of sixty-nine, were too exhausting. In all probability the "Parsifal" rehearsals accelerated the end of one of his chief apostles, too. Ernst von Schuch lived to conduct the first two performances of the opera in Dresden. His doctor prescribed absolute rest, but he refused to heed his advice, and thus fell an easy victim to pneumonia. He died at the moment when,

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at the Royal Opera, the curtain rose on the sublime church scene in Wagner's "Meistersinger," which he himself had so often led during the forty-two years of his career as conductor of the Dresden Opera.

That Richard Wagner was as unhappy with his first wife (the actress Minna Planer) as he was happy with his second wife (Cosima, daughter of Liszt) is known abundantly from his autobiography and his letters to Minna, which have been printed. Of Minna's letters few have been given to the world. The June number of the *Forum* (Munich: Wilhelm Herzog) gives publicity to those written by her to the wife of the poet Herwegh. They are mostly of the year 1858-59, the time when "Tristan und Isolde" was being written. At that time Minna was furiously jealous of Mathilde Wesendonck, who is generally supposed to have been the "original Isolde"; and of this jealousy there are traces in most of the letters written to Emma Herwegh. In one of them she declares that no woman had ever been so grossly insulted by her husband as she had been. Her indignation was vented on the opera itself as well as on the woman who inspired it and the man who composed it. To her, Tristan and Isolde are "a loathsome pair." How little she understood of Wagner's achievements and ideals is shown by her referring, in 1861, to the "arias" in that opera (arias having been excluded on principle from all his operas following "Rienzi"). "Lohengrin" she understood. "I like this opera very much," she wrote. "In me he surely finds an ardent admirer of his early works; I feel as if I had helped to create them, since at that time it was my privilege to take care of him and assume all the burdens of domestic life. How very different this was in the last years that we lived together." As for "Tristan," considered purely as a work of art, she had no faith in it. While he was hard at work on the last act, in Venice, amid the tortures of ill health, she doubted whether that sort of thing (*solche Arbeiten*) would bring him luck. She hoped, however, that it would.

How Chopin composed, or rather improvised, his Funeral March is related in the Paris *Temps* by Jules Claretie in an article on the late painter Ziem:

> At the burial of Ziem, Chopin's Funeral March—the march in the Sonata—was the dirge to which the mourners moved. And then I remembered that it was in Ziem's studio that Chopin had first composed it and under a kind of hallucination. Ziem and the frequenters of his studio were a wild and whimsical lot in those days, and on this particular evening they were amusing themselves with a half comic, half ghastly masquerade. Stripping the sheets from the beds and seizing any white wrapping upon which they could lay hand, they had improvised a ballet of ghosts, suggested doubtless by the phantoms of the nuns that rise from their graves in Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert the Devil."
>
> Chopin, however, held aloof. He would not join in the frolic; he would not even smile at it. He was nervous and "shivery," and finally he sat down at the pianoforte, while the "ghosts" in their white shrouds gathered about him. They grew still, as his emaciated hands ran feverishly over the keys. Then he seemed to gather will and force; he played; and the fall of the notes was as the dropping of tears. The listeners did not renew their dance; they lost all zest for it. They did not move; they did not speak until Chopin ceased his playing and lapsed moodily into himself again. They praised him; they tried to carry him about the studio on their shoulders in honor of the improvisation; but he shook them off and went his way. The "Improvisation" was the Funeral March.

Art

Teachers and art-loving laymen alike will appreciate the English edition of the Furtwängler-Ulrichs "Denkmäler"—"Greek and Roman Sculpture" (Dutton; $2.50 net). The translation from the third edition, 1911, is excellently done by Horace Taylor. The volume is somewhat larger and heavier than the familiar German original, but there is compensation in a clearer type face. The abundant illustrative material remains the same. Furtwängler was perhaps the most stimulating writer of our time in his field, as brilliant as erratic. The necessary danger signals are set up by the collaborator, Professor Ulrichs, and the teacher may have something further to do in pointing out the difference between ingenious theory and proved fact.

A "History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting" (Dutton; Vol. I; $2.50 net), by James Ward, has the advantage of construing its theme broadly. The incidental polychromy of the Egyptians, Chaldæans, and Assyrians is the starting point. No attention, however, is given to the very interesting work in the neolithic caves. The succinct account of Italian fresco painting, concerning which the author has already written a book, is the best we have seen. For the rest the book is rather clumsily written, rarely cites authorities, and is padded out with general considerations of art history, which is occasionally inaccurate. The practicing artist seems to be chiefly in view. He may find a certain amusement and profit in a book the scholarly import of which is rather small. There are a number of illustrations. The second volume will carry the story from Cimabue to modern times.

With the fourth *Lieferung*, plates 61 to 80, *Archiv für Kunstgeschichte* (Leipzig: Seemann) completes its first year. On the whole, it has been well maintained, but the number shows plainly the difficulty inherent in the very enterprise, that of finding a steady supply of meritorious works of art which are unpublished. Portraits rather hazardously ascribed to Hals, Licinio, and Palma are the most ambitious offerings. There is a series of mythological frescoes by Domenichino from the Lanckoronski Collection, Vienna. Of interest to specialists is a signed Birth of St. John, by Bugiardini, from Stockholm. The most impressive plate presents a contemporary marble head, artist unknown, of the militant Pope, Julius II. We believe the editors of this useful magazine would do well to offer fewer reproductions, from originals of higher quality.

Numerous well-chosen illustrations, many of superior execution, help to commend "Greek Art and the National Life," by S. C. Kaines Smith (Scribner). The text is stimulating and informed by a fine idealism which occasionally rises to eloquence. The gist of the study is that Athens was supreme in art because, as compared with the parochial thinking of other Greek city states, she thought magnanimously and acted with an eye to Hellas as a whole. Much that is said will be interesting to students, and the better chapters of the book would make excellent collateral reading for classes of college grade. The defect is a tendency to let fancy rove at large in the realm of facts. It is well enough to attempt to visualize the look of Grecian feasts and conflicts, though the attempt is perilous and variously successful, but the scope of mere guess in the field of archæology and chronology should be strictly limited. Mr. Smith solves the delicate problem of separating late Minoan from Mycenæan art by reckoning most of the fine objects of early Argive provenance as Cretan. The treatment of these early periods occupies more than a third of the space, which, for a book that deals with national characteristics, is sadly out of scale. Surely our knowledge of the national traits of early Cretans and Argives does not as yet permit of extended discourse.

When the fifth and fourth centuries are reached, the work is generally admirable, though here no sufficient emphasis is given to the athletic ideals of Hellas. Mr. Smith may well have avoided this well-worn topic as matter of common knowledge, but such assumptions are hardly safe for the public this book apparently addresses. The whole tendency is moralistic and historical. Much of the treatment of technique is either mistaken or commonplace. For example, the Pergamon frieze is not, properly speaking, well done. If technique means appropriate dexterity, these famous marbles are simply bad sculpture. Mr. Smith's notion that a thing may be splendid as technique but despicable as respects art and morals, is the usual expedient of the moralist to exalt his own criteria. The actual case will rarely occur. A clever thing may well be base, but the concepts of fine technique and cleverness do not coincide. Mr. Smith is so responsive to what was best in Athenian art and patriotism that the reader may well indulge him in occasional excesses of pictorialism and in certain rather wild surmises on matters Mycenæan and Homeric.

It is odd that since Lafenestre's excellent but superseded manual there has been no adequate brief history of Italian painting. The chapters in Michel's general History are excellent, and Ricci's little books, of which "Northern Italy" is out, have distinguished merits, but cover too much ground for the ordinary reader. The long-felt need of such a brief manual is measurably filled by Alice Van Vechten Brown and William Rankin's "A Short History of Italian Painting" (Dutton; $2.25 net). In all that concerns general proportions and characterization of particular artists the work deserves high praise. The criticism is almost always just and sometimes brilliant. It is the first popular work that does any sort of justice to the great painters before Giotto. Usually the more disputable questions are frankly stated and the views of the authors presented with becoming modesty. There is plentiful citation of relevant literature, abundant illustrations, and supplementary lists of pictures besides those mentioned in the text. The book is admirably fitted for use in college classes, but should appeal as well to the pure amateur. The printing, especially in the notes, is rather careless, but the errors are seldom of a kind seriously to mislead. A fuller use of recent discoveries might have modified the authors' views of Andrea and Nardo Cione and of Leonardo da Vinci's early work. Sometimes the ascriptions in the supplementary lists do not agree with those in the text. This is true in as important an instance as Masaccio. Such oversights may readily be amended in a second edition. One would gladly find more expression of views on general development and a closer relation of the trend of art with that

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of contemporary life. Whatever is done of this sort is excellent, and to have done more would perhaps have been to hazard the brevity of the presentation. For such a purpose, however, we would cheerfully sacrifice the characterizations of minor artists and schools, though such brief mention is in itself always competent and often quite masterly. Taken as a whole, the little volume, with its admirably chosen cuts, is far the best thing of its sort in the field. Its welcome among art lovers should be assured, while to art lovers who are also teachers, it is a positive boon.

Finance

THE CLAFLIN FAILURE.

The failure of the H. B. Claflin Company, on Thursday of last week, has a broad and interesting bearing on the larger problems of the financial situation. It was the largest house in the American mercantile trade; its long and successful history had made its name almost a household word; to the general public, news of its failure was not only unexpected, but incredible. Its liabilities, according to the estimate of the creditors' committee, reached $34,000,000—a total nearly one-third as large as those under which Baring Brothers went down in London during 1890. Furthermore, both the ramifications of the Claflin business and the distribution of its indebtedness extended to almost every important commercial and financial market of the country; it was involved, through indirect stock investment and through endorsement of paper, with nearly forty interior mercantile houses.

Here, then, was apparently material for a financial shock of formidable character. The bankers who, in the earlier days of last week, were engaged in considering the application of the company for help, were probably convinced that the consequences of an actual failure would be generally disastrous. They had learned that, to save the embarrassed house, not less than $24,000,000 was required. That was too great a task. But there could hardly have been one participant in the conference who did not look for some sort of convulsion on the markets when the outcome of its deliberations should be publicly announced.

What the actual reception of that announcement was, in banking and business circles and on the Stock Exchange, the news reports of the two days following the failure told rather strikingly. No fright or panic ensued. Even the dispatches from the outside business centres, supposed to have been most heavily involved, were surprisingly reassuring as to the general effect. Announcement that mercantile enterprises, controlled along with the Claflin Company by the Associated Merchants and United Dry Goods holding companies, were in sound condition and would be protected by their banks, was accepted without question. On the Stock Exchange there had been a sharp decline in prices Wednesday, while the Claflin Company's embarrassments were still under private consideration, and there was some irregular weakness, though of no formidable sort, on the day when the failure was announced. But after a night to reflect upon the matter, Friday's stock market turned to a movement of general and decided recovery.

Matters of this sort are not settled by the action or inference of the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours. It is entirely possible that, in the present episode, the loss or tying-up of so enormous an amount as the Claflin Company liabilities will involve some unpleasant consequences. The fact, which has properly been emphasized, that the $34,000,000 indebtedness was distributed among banks, estimated to number 3,000, would result in no overwhelming average burden in such institutions. The large sum total would remain, however, and the mere fact that average bank holdings are not large does not prove that some institutions may not hold an unduly great proportion.

But all these considerations must have been equally in the mind of Thursday's and Friday's market, and the really essential fact is, that the markets received the startling news with what may fairly be described s equanimity. To account for such a result, there are only two reasonable explanations —that the Claflin failure itself, in its immediate and ulterior effects, is a far less serious matter than any one had supposed, or else that the existing general position, in the business world and on the Stock Exchange, has been proved by a most exacting test to be particularly sound and strong.

With the further work of straightening out the tangle of the company's complications, there will come up for broader consideration the question of what the Claflin failure really means, considered as an incident in the financial history of the period. At the moment, the quite unanimous comment, in both financial and commercial circles, has been that the collapse was a clear result of overextension on the basis of insufficient capital; that situation having been created by long pursuit of intrinsically unsound financial methods.

This was strongly indicated, at the very start of discussion of the failure. When the news set all interested persons to examining the reports and statements of the insolvent corporation, it was impossible to learn from any such documents what were the retail stores of which the company said, on Thursday, that it had been compelled to depend on the profits of financing them, to offset curtailment in its own proper business. It was not even possible to discover from these reports what was the basis on which such retail establishments were controlled or operated by the Claflin Company.

Yet the formal announcement of the company, last Thursday, declared the embarrassment to have resulted from the fact that, in the curtailment of profits on the wholesale trade, it had been "compelled to rely mainly on the profits from financing retail stores throughout the country"—a work for which the company's capital had proved to be inadequate. But this was perilously close to the methods pursued by the numerous new "industrial combinations" which came to grief in 1903. Combining a dozen or a score of moderate-sized business enterprises, conducted in different quarters of the country, they had reckoned on financing an amalgamated company on the same general basis that its constituent elements had pursued before—through borrowing on short-term loans from banks. The Claflin Company survived, much longer than the victims of the 1903 reaction, the dangers of such experiments; but the combination found itself in very deep water during 1907, and has had to give way in 1914.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Bryce, Mrs. C. Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels. Lane. $1.25 net.
Burroughs, E. R. Tarzan of the Apes. Chicago: McClurg. $1.30 net.
Ellis, J. B. The Woodneys. Devin-Adair. $1 net.
Gifford, F. K. The Democratic Rhine-Maid. Devin-Adair. $1.25 net.
Hueffer, O. M. Hunt the Slipper. Lane. $1.25 net.
Lee, Vernon. Louis Norbert. Lane. $1.25 net.
Phillpotts, E. Faith Tresilion. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Washburn, S. Two in the Wilderness. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Webster, N. H. The Sheep Track. Dutton. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Year Book Directory of Scottish Societies. Caledonian Publishing Co. 75 cents net.
Bailey, C. W. Educational Reform. Putnam. 30 cents.
Dowden, E. Fragments from Old Letters, E. D. to E. D. W. $2 net. Letters, $2.50 net. Dutton.
Henderson, C. H. What Is It to Be Educated? Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Verrall, A. W. Classical Essays. Collected Studies. Putnam. $7.
Walker, H. The Literature of the Victorian Era. Putnam. $1.
Whitehead's Conventions of Auction Bridge. Stokes. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Barton, J. L. Educational Missions. Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents.
Conybeare, F. X. The Historical Christ. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Earp, E. L. The Rural Church Movement. Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents net.
McDowall, S. A. Evolution and the Need of Atonement. Putnam. 90 cents.
Scott-Moncrieff, P. D. Paganism and Christianity in Egypt. Putnam. $2.
Smoot, T. A. The Standard of Pitch in Religion. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Streeter, B. H. Restatement and Reunion. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bryan, W. J. The People's Law. Funk & Wagnall's. 30 cents net.
Picht, W. Toynbee Hall. Trans. from the German by L. A. Cowell. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Reid, J. S. The Municipalities of the Roman Empire. Putnam. $3.75.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bell, E. I. The Political Shame of Mexico. McBride Nast. $2 net.
Bolívar, Cartas de. Paris: Michaud.
Christ's College Biographical Register. Comp. by John Peile. 2 vols. Putnam.

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De Kay, J. Dictators of Mexico. London: Wilson.
Everyman's Library: Seebohm's The Oxford Reformers. Colley Cibber's An Apology for His Life. Froude's Benjamin Disraeli. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's Pioneer Work for Women. Dutton. 35 cents each.
Goebel, J. Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter. Chicago: German American Historical Society.
Inness, A. D. A Source Book of English History. Vol. I. Putnam. $1.10.
Winstanley, D. A. Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition. Putnam. $2.95.

POETRY.

Choate, I. B. Through Realms of Song. Boston: Chapple. $1 net.
Ozanam, Frederick. The Franciscan Poets. Trans. by Nellen and Craig. Scribner.
Randolph, Althea. A Shower of Verses. Gray.
Way, A. S. Theocritus, Bion, Moschus. $1.50.
The Song of Roland. $1.25. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Meredith, L. B. Rock Gardens. Second edition. Scribner.
Steinhardt, I. D. Ten Sex Talks to Boys. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Sylvester, J. J. Mathematical Papers. Vol. IV. Putnam. $6.
Ward, J. Heredity and Memory. Putnam. 45 cents.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Cowling, G. H. Music on the Shakespearian Stage. Putnam. $1.25.
Fall, C. G. Three Political Tragedies. Cohasset.
Montagu-Nathan, M. History of Russian Music. Scribner.
Newmarch, Rosa. The Russian Opera. Dutton. $1.75 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Chew, T. O. Practical High School Speller. Allyn & Bacon.
Cole, P. E. Industrial Education. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.
Davis, W. S. A Day in Old Athens. Allyn & Bacon.
Fernald, J. C. English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Hughes, T. Tom Brown's Schooldays. Ed. by A. B. DeMille. Scott, Foresman. 35 cents.
Jacobs, Ella. Methods of Teaching Primary Grades. Course B. Philadelphia: Jewish Chautauqua Society.
Kilpatrick, W. H. The Montessori System. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.
Richmond, C. England, Scotland, Ireland. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents net.
Stifter, A. Brigitta. Ed. by R. W. Crowell. Oxford University Press.

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